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and so forth

**UNDERWORLD CONFIDENTIAL
ON KEFAUVER**

*Blood Wedding: Robinson
and LaMotta in Chicago*

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In Our Readers' Opinion

The article, "The Tragedy of George Marshall," is so true. There is no question but that this over-rated, mediocre man has been sold to the American Public like Rival dog food, or possibly Listerine. May I have your permission to have some of this article printed and mail it to my friends?

R. G. MORROW
MEMPHIS, TENN.

"The Tragedy of George Marshall" is of a character that can only be written by a person of questionable character. There are some senators, under the protection of senatorial immunity, who indulge now and then in such vilification of a great man and patriot. The author of this article can justly be termed "a character assassin." The editor and publisher of the MERCURY cannot escape the same accusation.

CHARLES M. MUCHNIC
NEW YORK, N. Y.

You ask for adverse criticism. Some other time I'll send you some. Right now I am completely delighted with the entire March issue. You're wonderful and I love you.

CELESTE M. POST
RIVERSIDE, CAL.

Congratulations on the fine job you are doing with the MERCURY. Thank heaven, you promise us that this magazine will not follow the soupy, soothing path of the mass-circulation magazines. I have tried most of them but gave up with a feeling that I'd long since outgrown Pollyanna and her many friends-in-spirit.

JANET B. BURLINGHAM
ITHACA, N. Y.

I would gladly pay three times the price to get the NEW AMERICAN MERCURY.

STANLEY STARK
MIDDLE VILLAGE, N. Y.

*(Continued
on back cover)*

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Underworld Confidential:

WILL KEFAUVER BE PRESIDENT?

LEE MORTIMER

IF THERE IS one indisputable fact about the Kefauver investigation, it is that it has supplied a vast audience with some of the best free entertainment of modern times. With its real live gangsters mugging and grunting in front of the cameras, its squirming politicians, wicked woman, and new-style heroes, it has given Warner Bros. something to worry about. I don't like to put a crimp in anybody's amusement and I'll be kind of sorry to go back to Bogart myself, but there are some aspects of the hearings that have been neglected. I think they ought to go into the record along with the endless "I don't remembers" and the minute accounts of spaghetti-eating contests between politicians and gangsters.

The average American was doubtless shocked by the visual

revelation of the influence of the criminal empire in this country. Actually, nothing new was discovered or revealed. There was not an item in all the vast volumes of testimony which had not already been printed in the press or the public records or with which the FBI and the Treasury were not thoroughly familiar.

A few big names have been made "goats." Nothing very serious will happen to them. A few light sentences of the kind most criminals can do "standing on their heads" may be handed out. The criminal organizations will remain intact although they may take a brief rest. Meanwhile, carefully prepared cases against some key figures have been ruined by premature divulging of testimony. And a couple of them were heard to

remark recently, "Man, that Kufohvuh is sure doing a swell job. Now we know who we can trust."

The more naive and gullible members of the audience were plainly impressed by what looked like the forthright honesty and daring of the committee Senators, in particular, of chairman Estes Kefauver. A great many people wondered, at the outset, how a party-line Democrat would manage an investigation which if honestly and fearlessly conducted would turn up innumerable ties between criminals and Democrat politicians. To many, the answer to this riddle was that Kefauver is that rare bird in American politics, a genuine independent without strings, ties, or ambitions. To others, the answer is that the hearings were skillfully designed not to uncover anything of importance. A few accidents happened. In Chicago an enterprising reporter sneaked out evidence damaging to Senator Lucas from a closed hearing. He was threatened with contempt proceedings by Kefauver before the Chairman decided to take the credit himself.

If the Kefauver committee was not primarily designed to expose criminals or pass laws to hinder them, just why did it get started? What was it supposed

to do? Well, when all the smoke has blown away and the thunder dies down, I predict that only one figure will still be visible to the public. It will be that of Estes Kefauver striding rapidly towards his peculiar but deeply cherished goal, the Democratic vice-presidential nomination. And, in the light of all the evidence, I claim that the Senate committee hearings were, from the outset, staged and framed chiefly for the purpose of electing Senator Kefauver vice-president in 1952.

Of course, the idea is a little hard to swallow. Nobody has ever heard proud parents cooing into a cradle and hoping their boy will grow up to be vice-president. For some decades the post has been regarded, in political circles, as a kind of glorified booby-prize. Candidates don't get nominated, they get tagged — you're it, brother. Yet Estes Kefauver has been conscientiously and purposefully campaigning for the nomination since he was elected Senator in 1948. It makes him a new phenomenon in American politics — a man who plugs night and day for a job nobody else wants.

I HAPPEN TO have known Estes Kefauver fairly well. He struck me as something of an enigma. I soon discovered that

most of his colleagues were likewise mystified by him. There were two schools of thought in Washington on the subject of Kefauver. Some people thought he was dumb but honest; others thought he was unusually smart and a first-class conniver. The latter group claim that only a hillbilly in a Li'l Abner strip could be as blithely unaware of the monkey business behind the hue and hokum crime investigations as the strapping Senator pretends to be. After studying him for a while, I had him placed in the first category — dumb but honest. Now I've begun to wonder.

The vice-presidential situation at the moment is relatively simple. Barkley will be seventy-five years old in 1952. Age alone precludes him from running again. Whether Truman is a candidate for President or chooses his own successor, the Democratic campaign must and will be fought on Truman's record of New-Deal — Fair Deal progressivism. The new platform and old claims will not be greeted with huzzahs of approval in the conservative South. Which means that the running mate in '52 must again be a Southerner to hold it in line. On the other hand he can't be a pure, unreconstructed rebel or he will alienate labor, the Negro

vote, the big city "liberals" and radicals, the bleeding hearts and other powerful minorities.

When you look at it that way, Estes fits into the slot like a new nickel in a candy machine. He was born and bred in Tennessee and speaks with a genteel Dixie accent, which, though adulterated by his years at Yale, is still unmistakably stars and bars. He is also a voluble admirer of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. He has faithfully hewed to the administration line in Congress except for a few queer leftist and Southern deviations. He was one of the seven Senators who voted with Representatives Marcantonio and F. D. Roosevelt Jr. in an attempt to defeat the McCarran Communist control bill. On the other hand, he has voted against the FEPC and anti-lynch laws. To his "liberal" Northern supporters, he gives the timeworn excuse that "the South isn't ready." His position doesn't need an excuse in the South; it gets too many votes.

But, granting that the situation and the Kefauver tactics make him an odds-on favorite in the Veep Handicap next year, the question still remains — why should anyone want to be vice-president in the first place? Why, indeed should anyone want the one-eyed orphan's job

so badly as to start gunning for it a full four years before the convention? Not that his unique ambition has done him any harm. It is just because his sights are set so low that Estes is regarded as a disarming, ingenuous fellow. Nobody even believes he is making a serious play for it. The voters attribute all his moves to a desire to do his sworn duty as a Senator. His colleagues don't bother sniping at him or organizing against him. Why should they? For the vice-presidency?

Maybe Estes isn't as dumb as people give him credit for.

LET'S CONSIDER a few facts and figures. If Mr. Truman runs again and is reelected, he will have passed his seventy-second birthday before his new term will end. And any televised or untelevised bookmaker will give you thirteen to five that he won't go the distance. Which would give Estes the big plum without a struggle. If Truman does survive a third term, he will certainly be too old to run for a fourth. As vice-president, Estes would be no Garner. You'd hear plenty from him and he would make a lot of headlines and television programs. He would then turn up as the logical choice for the 1956 nomination.

Now, suppose Truman decides to retire at the end of his present term, who will be in line for the nomination? There are a number of hopefuls but they cannot campaign for delegates against the incumbent chief. Kefauver, however, is now actively campaigning for vice-presidential support and has no opposition whatsoever. This grand inquisitor of crime has already secured the pledges of many state delegations for that position. If Truman decides to retire to Missouri, who will be in a better position to step into his shoes than Kefauver? Which makes him somebody worth knowing something about.

Until Kefauver defeated the choice of the Crump machine in 1948 Tennessee primaries and began to be hailed as a male St. Joan, he had not managed to gain much recognition outside his native state. There he had attracted attention early as a young attorney of a somewhat different stripe than his barefoot, corn-guzzling constituents. Six-foot three and handsome, Kefauver was a football star in college and studied law at Yale, which gave him an elevated status in Chattanooga society, where anyone who wore shoes before his twentieth birthday is considered a blueblood. His marriage to British Nancy Patterson

Pigott, the daughter of a minor Scottish Baronet gave his social standing another boost. He practised law profitably for thirteen years without much thought of politics. Then he met the man who made him what he is today and is still giving him his cues. The *deus ex machina* was Silliman Evans, the fat pontifical publisher of the *Nashville Tennessean*.

Evans is a carpet-bagger in reverse. He was a Texas newspaperman and wire-puller, a legislative lobbyist and airplane stock salesman until he heard the call during the 1932 campaign. Then he moved to Washington as Fourth Assistant postmaster general, a job which he held for a year until he rose, by the grace of Jesse Jones, to the presidency of the Maryland Casualty Company. The transition was not accomplished without some legerdemain on the part of FDR and the RFC. Later when the *Nashville Tennessean* got into a mess, the RFC waved its magic wand again and Evans emerged as a publisher. The *Tennessean* changed overnight from a violent anti-Roosevelt paper to the South's leading hosannah-shouter for the New Deal.

The young and good-looking attorney over in Chattanooga caught his eye. Kefauver got his tryout as State Commissioner of Finance and Taxation in 1939

and in the same year was sent to Congress as the Representative from the Third Tennessee district. He fared well in Washington. A veritable bear for work, Kefauver keeps going till late in the evening and starts pitching in early the next morning even after a gay, convivial night such as he frequently passes. He televises prissy and sounds prudish but his appearance is deceiving. Actually, he is a two-fisted scotch drinker who can handle it well in large quantities. He likes to dance and has an inexhaustible fund of risqué stories. Occasionally, he even puts two bucks on a nag. He is also a natural joiner and glad-hander with a genius for attracting publicity.

THE MUCH-TOUTED campaign in 1948 was a pushover that required little political heroism. Aging Boss Crump was the last of the old school municipal overlords left in the South. He ruled Memphis, which is, relatively, fairly small potatoes. His state and national power has been vastly exaggerated and he could not even always hold Memphis in line. He never won a victory without considerable help from other Tennessee Democrat leaders, including, at times, Kefauver, himself, and his master, Silliman Evans.

The 1948 campaign was merely the result of a falling out among allies. Evans decided to contest Crump for the State leadership which Washington handouts were making a juicy prize. It was easy. With Evans plugging him daily on page one of the *Tennessean*, Kefauver was already the best-known man in the state. His machine-like pro-Administration record in the House of Representatives earned him Washington Support. The vast number of TVA payrollees and beneficiaries could be counted on to vote pro-New Deal, and Kefauver was its acolyte. Besides which, city bosses have been taking a beating everywhere since the war. It's in the air.

Now that he was a U. S. Senator, Estes had a national forum. Once the returns were safely in, Kefauver, Evans and other stalwarts in their brain trust saw a green light to the promised land. Only one thing perplexed them.

How can you sell a name like Estes Kefauver? Most of our Presidents have had simple, Anglo-Saxon names that gave no trouble to the man on the street. Estes Kefauver was quite a mouthful. The average man was likely to quit cold before he was halfway through telling his friend to vote for it. It was almost as much of a jawbreaker

as Hickenlooper. Some of Estes' friends still can't pronounce it correctly and the variants are legion. According to its owner, it is key-fau-ver with the syllables evenly stressed, the least guessable solution.

They stewed unhappily until one of the big thinkers pointed out that Roosevelt was also a Dutch name which no two Roosevelts pronounced alike. It probably looked just as impossible as Kefauver till Teddy made it a household word through his circus tactics. Why not tear a leaf out of the old book? It was decided fairly to cram the name down the public throat. Estes was to get it in the newspapers every day and twice on Sunday.

During the first year, while most Senate freshmen are still modestly trying to learn the score, Estes went to work and latched on to as many commitments as the rules allowed. He sponsored scores of bills and erupted into speech at the slightest provocation. He made as many guest appearances on radio programs as he was allowed to, and rode far and wide, lecturing, scattering interviews in all directions, and getting his profile in the dailies. He never forgot the lesson he learned from his coonskin cap Senatorial campaign which was dreamed

up by a delirious, paid press-agent. Then came his golden opportunity. It began modestly enough and nobody had the slightest idea how it was going to snowball.

During 1948 and 1949, a number of newspapermen, including Jack Lait and myself, wrote about the existence of a national crime ring. We were pooh-poohed. Estes, however, studies the papers carefully and knows a good thing when he sees one. Following his custom of introducing legislation for everything, he came up haltingly with crime control measures late in 1949. He didn't get very far. A few months later, with the spotlight shining even more brightly on national crime, Estes found a favorable moment and jumped in with a resolution to set up an investigation. History was in the making.

With the taxpayers paying the freight, Estes and his cohorts set up a three-ringed video circus, complete with clown (Tobey of New Hampshire, a doddering Republican who votes New Deal and gets campaign contributions from Truman backers), advance-men, press-agents, barkers, freak side-shows, and a ring-master. The public was only shown the hero in action. Behind the scenes, the eager advance men, publicity

and booking agents rode from town to town arranging for headlines and broadcasting time and staking out the concessions — but not for peanuts. The concession-selling was the most important part of the proceedings.

Last summer, to cite one instance, one of the Kefauver outriders blew into New York exuding confidence like a dress-salesman with a copy of a Paris original. He approached several wealthy citizens with a typical proposition! In return for contributions to Senator Kefauver's vice-presidential campaign, the committee would allocate interesting roles in the medicine show and allow contributors to cash in on the hectic publicity the hearings would generate. There was much talk of jobs and saleable influence, and the odds on Kefauver's eventually becoming President were discussed in the manner of a Winter book on the Kentucky Derby. Many thousands of dollars were collected.

The agent spoke for two hours, frankly describing the complex operations of the crime-busting road show. His emphasis was on the harvest of dollars and delegates, not on such nonsense as reform. He explained that contributions were being solicited in every likely spot. The collections were to persuade

the delegates to vote the right way at next year's Democratic convention.

THERE WERE other such incidents. At dinner one evening at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, a brash young newspaperman who once worked for Evans, mentioned that he was going to New York to pick up some campaign contributions. Estes nodded and said, "Don't forget the money you are supposed to pick up for me."* I then asked this Kefauver lieutenant if, when he went to New York for campaign contri-

butions, he expected to get any from Frank Costello. In front of Kefauver, chairman of the century's biggest and most publicized crime-investigating committee, he replied, "It depends on whom we need the money for. If it is someone like Matt Neely of West Virginia — where it doesn't matter — it probably comes from the Costello crowd. But we wouldn't want to embarrass Estes. For him we try to get it from Bernard Baruch."

Estes made no comment.

Before the committee swung into action, promises were made

* Apropos of money-raising, an advance man connected with the investigating committee, and more directly connected with Senator Tobey, approached various wealthy New Yorkers with a subtly worded pseudo press release on Tobey and the Committee. The following quote from the release pretty thoroughly establishes its motivation:

"This committee is recognized as one having the most far-reaching powers of any investigating committee ever to be organized by either House or Senate. It has the power to go anywhere in the country and subpoena books and records as well as individuals together with the power to *obtain upon command, from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the Income Tax Return of any individual subject to its investigation.* Already, much valuable information hitherto unknown has been compiled but a large portion of it has of course not been given to the press for obvious reasons."

This release was over the signature of Frank W. Horne. The release emphasized, not too subtly, that Senator Tobey had access to income tax returns, and it suggested to men of wealth that they should, of course, support the senator. The senator was, at that time, in close quarters in New Hampshire: he barely won renomination as a Republican, and his victory is generally attributed to Democrats voting in the Republican primary.

in advance to the White House and the Democratic National Committee to the effect that nobody important would be seriously embarrassed by the probe. What with the number of campaign contributors who were promised solos and bit parts in the show, the casting of the hearings turned into a major operation. The participants also had to be well-rehearsed. A fluffed line or a wrong entrance or exit and the whole thing might have boomeranged. But most of all, care had to be taken to make sure there would be no trouble from the committee itself. This was not too difficult to arrange.

One of the two Democrats, O'Connor of Maryland, is backed by a notoriously corrupt, mob-ridden political machine. In return for his good conduct, no investigations were to be held in the Free State, from which the stench can easily be smelled in Washington. Hunt of Wyoming is a dentist who comes from a state where the only crime is cattle-rustling and claim-jumping. For the first time in history, the minority members of a committee were appointed by the Vice President and not by the minority leaders. Barkley, himself a friend of Frank Erickson, the bookmaker, was in on the plan to make Kefauver his suc-

cessor. Following orders, he named two Republicans who were too busy campaigning for reelection to attend meetings. One of them, Tobey, is a New Deal beneficiary, and a senile maunderer who could be counted on to have a quasi-religious fit during an embarrassing moment. The other, Wiley, was the ranking minority member of the Foreign Relations Committee and, because of the Korean War, had little time to spare. Thus, there was really no one to check up on the chairman.

For chief counsel of the committee, a post of crucial importance, Kefauver chose Rudolph Halley, a New Yorker of no apparent talent whose sole qualifications were that he had served as a lawyer for the Truman committee and was the protege of ex-justice Ferdinand Pecora. Pecora was beaten for Mayor of New York in 1950 after it was charged and not denied that he was the hand-picked candidate of Frank Costello. Halley, stern scourge of crime, was also counsel for a transportation company in which gangsters held large stock interests. None of the people associated with him in the company were questioned by the committee, although impressive evidence against them was placed in Halley's hands. Hal-

ley has admitted to me that he knew mobsters held stock in his client's company.

SOME OF THE committee's advance scouts were sent out early to Los Angeles. The movie industry was then informed that its gangster tie-ups were very likely to be featured and turn up in the press. Soon afterwards a prominent Hollywood public relations expert appeared in the East with, it was said, \$50,000 for "legal expenses" to retain counsel for the industry if it was brought into the crime hearings. Gangbuster Halley told me he did not know the movie man. The movie man said he did not know Halley. Two days later I saw the alleged bearer of \$50,000 worth of good news arm-in-arm with Halley in New York's swank night club, El Morocco. They weren't there to dance with each other. Then Kefauver made an appearance in a film — for pay, naturally. The vice-presidential campaign shifted into high and the word went out that Halley was in line for the first vacancy on the New York Federal bench.

If sheer work and an ambition that lets nothing stand in the way qualify a man for the vice-presidency, Estes sure rates the

job. Television isn't the only medium he employs for getting his name and face to the attention of the public. A clipping service keeps him supplied with every item in which his name appears. He communicates personally with every publication that carries a story about him or crime, sometimes by wire at government expense. His letters have a special intimate and personal flavor. Even one to a newspaperman whom he does not know has the quaint Kefauver touch — the typed salutation of Dear Mr. Doe is crossed out and a handwritten "Dear John" substituted.

If all these carefully laid plans to make him vice-president, then president, go up in smoke, Estes won't lose by his labors. An ingratiating speaker, with a voice that almost melts the microphone, he has long been a star on the lecture circuit, commanding fees as high as \$2500 a night for a well-bred discourse on world government. His television appearances and new-found glamor should up his rates and multiply his bookings. Everybody likes a gangbuster these days, particularly if he goes about it in a nice, refined fashion and doesn't hurt any important people.

The Shillelagh:

A Weapon of Honor

PETER KAVANAGH

I HAVE OBSERVED, since coming to America, that the shillelagh is competing strongly with the harp as the symbol of Ireland and the Irish. It is not my place to praise or blame those responsible for this shift in the symbol. There are plenty of Irish-American watch-dog societies whose avowed purpose is to stand guard over such affairs and to see that the name of Ireland is not maligned by British or even Yankee propagandists. Besides, if I may be allowed to coin a phrase, America is a free country and if her people want to choose even a green duck-egg as the symbol for everything connected with the ould sod, that is entirely their own business. My purpose, therefore, in this brief note is not to complain but rather to give a direction to the

movement and to make some observations on the genuine Irish shillelagh.

As the discerning American will, no doubt, have suspected, the stumpy, black root of a tree which tourists carry back from Ireland and which adorns many a Third Avenue saloon in New York is not the genuine article. True enough, it is a primitive form of shillelagh, but one which never got past what might be called the testing stage. I have never seen it used in Ireland and my researches have failed to turn up a record of its ever being used even for putting an injured horse out of pain.

It seems that the genuine shillelagh is unknown to Americans who, in their careless way, are inclined to apply the term

to any cudgel or stick carried by an Irishman. This is a serious error and is certainly not fair to the shillelagh or even to Irishmen. It is surprising and in many ways unfortunate that more is not known of the shillelagh, which at its best is a scientific weapon of combat and of play.

The rapier, which is a far cruder weapon than the shillelagh, is well-known and highly documented. Many theses have, no doubt, been written on it in American universities, while there is not one monograph, published or unpublished, written on the shillelagh. There are schools of fencing and society women often boast of their skill with a foil; but despite all the sentimental talk about Ireland and St. Patrick's Day parades, there is not, to my knowledge, one shillelagh club in America.

I do not assume, of course, that the Americans are entirely to blame for this bleak state of affairs. They are a busy people with work to do and books to read. The responsibility must be shared by the Irish government's department of propaganda, and I respectfully recommend it to them, not merely as a matter of national prestige, but also on more practical grounds as a dollar-earning industry. The crude, black cud-

gel which passes for a shillelagh on the present-day market is not even manufactured in Ireland, while the raw material for the genuine article is to be found in abundance in most parts of Ireland. With a little research and scientific knowledge, shillelagh manufacture could be developed into an industry with a greater dollar-earning capacity than Irish linen or Irish whiskey. Indeed, it might well be developed as a useful adjunct to one of these industries, for it is necessary to fortify oneself with a liberal amount of genuine Irish whiskey in order to establish the correct attitude of mind before entering the shillelagh encounter.

That has always been the tradition in Ireland, and if shillelagh clubs are to be established on a sound footing in America they ought to follow the ancient tradition as closely as possible. Irish-Americans may protest that they are entitled to depart from tradition, to give it a local twist to suit their own peculiar brand and temperament, but this would be a mistake. It is this very attitude which has caused so much con-

Peter Kavanagh will be remembered for "The Trouble with the Irish," which appeared in the January issue of this magazine.

fusion in the American mind as to the genuine art of the shillelagh and even as to the shape and dimensions of the weapon.

PHILOLOGISTS AND other scholars will tell you that the shillelagh takes its name from a village in the county Wicklow called Shillelagh. They will further instruct you that the word means "the descendants of Elach" and that, in the manner of most Gaelic names, there are at least twelve correct ways of spelling it.

All that is true enough but in many ways it is misleading and is certainly of little use to the neophyte who is enthusiastic about learning the art of the shillelagh fight. Such brief explanations are inclined to confuse and to create the impression that the shillelagh industry was originally confined to this particular Irish village. That is not so, as any resident of Shillelagh will admit to this present day. Shillelagh is merely to Ireland what Los Alamos is to America. No more. The shillelagh was developed there, tests were carried out there, but the credit for its invention must not definitely be claimed for this quiet and pleasant village. The name of the inventor has never been divulged but tradition has it that he was a man from the north of

Ireland. The town of Shillelagh was chosen as a testing ground because it was an out-of-the-way spot and because it was a district noted for its fine timber.

The earliest shillelagh (late seventh or early eighth century) was of the heavy cudgel type which is popular now in America. It was made of oak. This primitive shillelagh * was soon found to be ineffective as an offensive weapon. Besides lacking in grace, it was too heavy and to miss with it meant leaving oneself open to a deadly blow. Afterwards, the stem was shortened and the knotty nob at the end enlarged. The short stem was then put up the sleeve and the knob was used as a kind of knuckle-duster. Once more this proved of little value in a fight; it was too cumbersome and was little improvement on the natural iron fist of the Celt.

The next development was that of the blackthorn stick. This was an important advance towards the genuine shillelagh.

* It may be of interest to Biblical scholars to note here that by the seventh century the sword was utterly discredited in Ireland as a symbol of violence. The compilers of the late seventh century manuscript, *The Book of Kells*, refused to adopt St. Jerome's phrase "I come not to bring peace but a sword." ("... non pacem sed gladium.") To them the phrase made no sense and they altered it to "non pacem sed gaudium" and as such it remains in the manuscript to the present day.

The blackthorn stick was operated in much the same manner as the cudgel shillelagh. It was not intended that one should strike an opponent with it. This idea was to place it alongside the neck of one's opponent and operate it in the manner of a saw. If perchance the opponent made the mistake of grabbing the shillelagh with his hand a sharp pull in conjunction with a twist of the wrist might take away a finger or two. Having carried out this operation a number of times the *coup de grace* was administered with the nob of the shillelagh.

This type of shillelagh was very effective against those opponents who wore tin helmets. However, it did not appeal to the imaginative Irish mind. It finished a fight too quickly and, besides, the thorns were liable to break off after a few engagements. It is still retained in Ireland but is consigned to the minor role of keeping away ghosts from the traveler on dark lonesome roads.

Finally, some ingenious Irishman hit on the novel idea of making a shillelagh from an ash sapling or an ash-quick, as the Irish call it. Almost at once the idea caught on and the shillelagh became a delicate art, and it is our intention to record here for those who are interested the

exact method of making it. The first step is to prospect for a young ash sapling with a stem as thick as the little finger or perhaps a shade thicker. If on examination it is discovered that it has a root which forms a nob the size of a pigeon's egg, then it is the perfect material for a shillelagh. The ash-quick should then be taken carefully from the ground and trimmed to the dimensions of an ordinary walking stick. If it happens that it is naturally straight so much the better, though this must not be considered essential. The raw material is now ready for processing.

It should be then buried deep in what is politely called the compost-heap and be left for about three weeks, which is to say, just up to the moment it may begin to sprout. It should be taken at once from the compost-heap, making sure not to wash away any of the dirt which may be attached to it. To wash it would be fatal in that it would take the oil out of it and, as a result, make it brittle.

It should next be straightened carefully with the hand and tied to a frame in such a way that it will retain its straightness. The frame should then be hung in a barn and left there for a minimum of four weeks. At the end

of that period it may be taken from the frame and hung in the chimney for four weeks: the heat and the smoke will give it resilience and toughness. After it has remained in the chimney for the period specified the process is almost complete. All that remains is to test it for balance.

If it seems a bit light on the thin end it will be necessary to heat a large nail and with it burn a hole longitudinally in the light end. This hole should then be packed with lead to the amount which gives the shillelagh the perfect balance. A light coat of oil might then be applied to the surface of the shillelagh to soften the skin and to prevent it from cracking. The shillelagh is then ready for use and all that remains to do is to buy a bottle of Irish whiskey and to find someone on whose head the shillelagh may be tested.

The ideal person for this job would be a low, thick-set fellow, preferably a foreigner, with a large bald head. The bald head is important because it will register accurately and clearly the exact position of where the blows fall and thus, in a manner of speaking, give a graph of the weapon's accuracy. The shillelagh may be tested for striking power by having the testee wear

caps of varying degrees of thickness and by bringing the shillelagh down with graded blows on the covered head. Testing the shillelagh for range is very simple. The range of a shillelagh is altered by twisting one end of the weapon around the hand or even around two or three fingers. It is here that the shillelagh's flexibility is important for not only must it twist around the hand easily but it must also, when released, return to its original position.

SHILLELAGH FIGHTING as a sport was a popular pastime in nineteenth century Ireland much as boxing is in America at the present day. It was no less fatal to the contestants. The British Government, as history records, spent most of its energy watching Ireland, and British intelligence was astute enough to see the potentiality of the shillelagh. They decided to adopt it in the British army and orders went out to confiscate all the Irish shillelaghs possible. A shillelagh production plant was set up in Norfolk, England, and soon the British had an adequate supply of shillelaghs on hand. To their consternation, however, it turned out that there was more to the shillelagh fight than mere skill; there was the factor known as temperament.

Try as he might the English soldier could not develop this essentially Celtic quality, and so the British experiment turned out to be a failure.

But a tradition once established in England dies slowly and the result is that each British soldier to the present day carries a type of shillelagh when off duty. Perfidious Albion, when she failed to make a success of the shillelagh for her own sinister ends, decided to discredit it. Accordingly, they began publishing inspired smears on the shillelagh and eventually had little difficulty in discrediting it entirely. By the beginning of the twentieth century the shillelagh was almost a thing of the past.

The tradition of the shillelagh fight is now partly lost, but I had the good fortune to witness what must have been the last real shillelagh fight in Ireland. It took place in a town called Carrickmacross, in the county Monaghan, in the year 1929. It was the market day in the town and peddlers and hucksters of all kinds had arrived from the outlying districts to sell their wares. One such peddler, to the surprise and delight of many, had brought with him for sale a large bundle of shiny-skinned shillelaghs. An old man said to me that it looked as if

someone would trail his coat before the day was over. Trailing the coat is part of the ceremony, as I will explain.

Towards evening when the marketing was done and the citizens were well fortified with whiskey, an oldish man from Maraghcloon took off his coat and, dragging it behind him, walked the length of the main street. He had a shillelagh in his hand. Many laughed at the sight, supposing he was doing this for the benefit of a visiting American. But there was no felt hat or gaudy necktie to be seen and it was soon realized that the old man meant business.

As he came up the street a second time a Donaghmoyneman, a neighbor of my own, rushed into the center of the street and lepped on the coat. He had also a shillelagh in his hand. The coat-trailer, in great delight, dropped the coat and, stepping back a few paces, squared off with his challenger. He had found a friend, a man with tradition in his blood. Each man twirled his shillelagh three times around his head and then joined battle.

The Maraghcloon man was clearly the more artistic and he parried the blows of this opponent with a skill which was a delight to watch. Once the man from Donaghmoyneman made a

slight misjudgment by catching his opponent's blow too high up on his shillelagh, with the result that the blow broke across his shillelagh and nailed him on the head. It was a serious though not fatal mistake. He staggered a bit but quickly recovered and the fight between the two of them continued for about fifteen minutes until the coat-trailer, becoming tired, lowered his guard and received a knock-out whack on the head. This was the signal for others to join the fight, and for over an hour the clash of shillelagh on shillelagh echoed throughout the town and was music to the ear of every man with a drop of real Irish blood in him.

The spirit of militant Ireland that kept the great British army at bay for seven hundred years was not dead. It was clear that the slogan "Ireland unfree can never be at peace" was no vain

boast. As long as this indomitable attitude remained with the Gael every Anglo-Saxon chain would be sundered and Ireland would eventually hold her head high with the nations of the earth. Everyone in Carrickmacross felt proud and hopeful that evening.

If shillelagh-fighting is to be taken up in America there is one admonition I should like to give. It should never be allowed to become a profession. That would be the death of it and no doubt would involve the introduction of crudities which are foreign to the Irish mind. Wrestling moguls should be barred from this sport because there is not the shadow of a doubt but that they would quickly bring this noble art into the deepest contempt. By tradition the shillelagh fighters were always amateurs, and it is earnestly to be hoped that they will remain so.

ONE OF THE men was squatting under a big elm, where he could keep an eye on a boy who was fooling around in a boat three or four rods downstream. The other was sitting out from the tree in the glare of the afternoon sun, letting his clothes dry. Both men were swart-faced and blue-eyed and were somewhere in their thirties, though they had seemed even younger in comparison with old Hodge. A couple of minutes ago Hodge and his wife had disap-

hear old Hodge say in reply.

"Calfed, hell! You can keep on gawkin' around or you can set 'n fish. I'm goin' back home."

The man sitting in the sun began laughing. "Damned if Sara Lou ain't shootin' off same as ever," he said.

The other man didn't say anything. He glanced down at the boy again, then went on examining the hooks on one of two throw-lines. Close to the tree were a fish pole and a cigar box. The box had some fishing tackle in it and half a dozen shotgun shells. Between the box and the man was a dead cottontail, all but shot in two.

The Catch

A STORY

LOWRY C. WIMBERLY

peared on the cow path that led upstream, Hodge walking ahead with a bamboo pole, the woman, young and husky, volleying words at his deafness about a cow they had been looking for. The men could hear her up there now, her voice high-pitched and strident. "You can go on lookin' your jackass head off," she yelled. "The cow ain't worth a damn noway."

"She's sure done calfed off somewheres," the men could

The man who had laughed got up and went down to the water's edge. Old Hodge already had his bamboo pole out over the creek, and by craning his neck the man could just barely see him, his legs dangling off the bank. But the trees were thick up there, and he couldn't see anything of Sara Lou. After a minute he came back and sat down again, and was leaning forward to watch the boy in the boat, when here came Hodge's woman out of the undergrowth directly behind the men.

They swung around towards her, and as she stepped into the open the man in the sun laughed again. "Hi, Sara Lou," he said, "where's Grandpa?"

The woman plunked herself down on a log not far from the undergrowth. "Shut your lousy mouth, George Henry," she said. She had on a blue dress and a blue sunbonnet, both badly faded. She took the bonnet off and laid it beside her, keeping her eyes on the man with the throw-lines. But he turned away, reddening a little, and busied himself again with the lines. Sara Lou leaned over, and pulling her dress to her knees, looked at some scratches on her bare legs. "Damned old buzzard," she said.

The man she had called

George Henry snickered, then turned and looked downstream. The boy was on the stern seat of the boat now, and was pointing a single-barreled shotgun at a rusty pail, half buried in a mud-bar near the opposite bank. He wasn't more than seven or eight, but was big and lumpish, with tow-colored hair and a heavy face.

"Little devil thinks he scairt hell out of me," said George Henry.

The man under the tree looked over. "I already told you he ain't no business with that gun," he said. He took out a knife, and after partly skinning the rabbit, began cutting off pieces of it for bait.

"Holy mackerel, Bart," said George Henry, "a kid can't just set and do nothin'." He drew one knee up, clasping his hands around it. "You take the kid too damn serious."

"What you two fussin' about?" Sara Lou said. She got up from the log and came out close to the bank's edge, where she could see the boy. The man called Bart leveled a sidewise gaze at about the height of her hips. The woman was full-bodied and good-looking despite the pockmarks on each side of her nose. "I wouldn't 'low no fool kid of mine with a gun," she said.

THE BOY aimed the gun at something up the creek, then catching sight of old Hodge's legs he swung the gun over that way. "Look at 'im," said George Henry. The boy's right eyelid was badly drooped, and when he aimed he appeared to be squinting with both eyes. Finally he pulled the trigger, and yelled *bang bang!* But Hodge hadn't seen him and was too deaf to hear.

"Damn' if you never got 'im," said George Henry, but he had scarcely spoken when the boy pointed the gun at him.

Sara Lou jumped back. "Crazy little fool!" she said. She looked at the cigar box and saw the brass ends of two shells. "How's he know that gun ain't loaded?"

The boy was still squinting along the gun barrel at George Henry. "Hands up!" he yelled. George Henry shot his hands into the air, but the boy pulled the trigger anyway and yelled *bang bang!* George Henry fell over backwards, groaning as though he'd been shot, and the boy, lowering the gun, doubled over with a crazy shrilling of laughter.

Sara Lou kicked a clod at George Henry. "Too bad that gun *wasn't* loaded," she said. "You're plumb bug-housed." He made a grab for her, but she

stepped past him, and going over to the tree picked the shotgun shells out of the cigar box.

Bart had gone part way to the boat. "You do that again," he said, "and I'll whale you."

"Little cuss must think she's a double-barreled the way he *bang bangs*," George Henry said. He got to his feet. "But, hell, I gotta be movin'. My old woman —"

"Bout time you was movin'," Sara Lou said. She was back by the log now. Bending over, she hid the shells behind it. "Now go on, you lunk-head, and tell the kid where I hid 'em." She saw Bart returning to the lines, and after he began baiting the hooks she came out and squatted down by the dead rabbit. Making a pretense of picking shotgun pellets out of the rabbit's flesh, she tried to catch Bart's eye. "You sure blowed him to pieces, honey," she said.

"He sure as hell did," said George Henry. He came over to Bart and Sara Lou and fanned his hat past Sara Lou's face two

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or three times. "Looks like I better take the kid along," he said. Bart looked up, and George Henry winked at him.

"You leave 'im be," Bart said.

"How 'bout it, Sara Lou?" said George Henry. He fanned her again with the hat, then gave her a hard slap on the back, almost throwing her off balance. She sprang up, the dead rabbit in her hand, and tried to swipe him across the face with it. But he ducked, and went on laughing down to the boat. The boy was trying to place one of the oars in a lock, but when George Henry said something to him he picked the gun up, pointed it at Sara Lou, and went *bang bang* again. "You blasted idiot!" Sara Lou yelled, as George Henry haw-hawed, fanned his hat up and down a couple of times, then turned and kept on along the bank till he was out of sight.

Sara Lou dropped the rabbit by the tree, and came closer to Bart. He stood up and looked down at the boy. "Maybe you better have George Henry take him along after all, honey," she said. "Maybe you better call him back." She pressed her hip against Bart.

He was frowning. "It ain't good havin' 'im around George Henry," he said. "That there

gun was George Henry's idea."

"You fret too much, sweetheart," Sara Lou said. She pressed still harder against him. "Come on and set down. You look wore out." She glanced up the creek.

"I gotta set my lines out," Bart said. He picked up the baited lines and started downstream, but Sara Lou caught him before he was past the tree, grabbing him by the arm.

"Set 'em out here, sweetheart," she said. "This is plenty good." She squeezed his arm.

"It ain't any too good," he said, looking down at the water.

"Do like I tell you, honey," she said. "And, sweetheart, play like you was settin' one of 'em for Sara Lou. She loves you, sugar." She squeezed his arm again, and Bart threw one of the lines out, after tying it to a tree root just below the elm. The current caught the line and slanted it rapidly downstream toward the boat. "Hurry, sugar, and set the other one," said Sara Lou. Bart took the other line up near the cow path, fastened it to a sapling and threw it out.

The boy watched the lines till they came to rest, then stood up and began rocking the boat, making a noisy splashing. "Set down!" Bart yelled, but the boy rocked harder than ever. Bart

ran down past Sara Lou, the woman following him part way.

Bart took hold of the boat, trying to steady it, the boy doing all he could to keep it rocking. "Set down!" Bart said. Sara Lou came on till she was standing beside Bart. "Quit that rockin'," she said, "like your pa told you!" The boy made a face at her, then caught the glittery black of her eyes and sat down.

BART REACHED over and patted him on the arm. "You better come up by the tree and do some fishin'," he said, but the boy picked the gun up and slid over on the seat away from Bart. "I ain't gonna," he said. "I wanna fish off'n the boat."

"Come on, now," Bart said. He stood up. "Come along."

Sara Lou nudged Bart with her elbow. "Let him fish off the boat, honey," she whispered. "You worry too much, like I told you. Besides, honey, a boy likes to be by hisself." Sara Lou took hold of Bart's arm. "But, sweetheart, don't leave that there gun with him."

"I gotta fetch 'im the pole," Bart said.

"Well, hurry then, lovey." Sara Lou went back to the elm, Bart close behind her. He picked the fish pole up, examined the line, then took it down to the

boat, where, after baiting the hooks, he handed it to the boy. The boy stood up and whizzed the pole through the air, making a sharp splash as the sinker hit the water. But the line was barely in when he noticed there wasn't any cork.

"You don't need no cork," Bart said. "Channel cat —"

The boy yanked the line out, catching the hooks in a branch overhead. "I wanna cork," he said, looking up at the snagged line. "I wanna cork!" He jerked the line, tangling it worse than ever.

"Damn little devil!" Sara Lou said, where she was standing by the elm. "Onery little bastard!"

Bart got the line down from the limb, put a cork on it, and the boy whizzed the line back into the water, all but knocking Bart's hat off. "I'd kill the little buzzard," said Sara Lou.

Bart jammed his hat down on his head. "Now set quiet and take it easy," he said. He waited till the boy was facing downstream, then picked the gun up stealthily, but the boy caught him at it and made a grab for the muzzle.

"Bart!" Sara Lou called. Bart swung the gun away from the boy, who began kicking the bottom of the boat. "I don't wanna fish. I ain't gonna." He started whimpering, begging for

the gun. Bart patted him on the shoulder.

"You set'n watch the line, Jimmy. Then you and me'll go huntin'. Jus' you —"

"Bart!" Sara Lou called again. Almost hidden, she was standing on the far side of the tree, her head sticking out past the trunk a little. "Bart, come quick and look at your own line."

"You gotta bite, Pa?" the boy said. He jumped up, letting the pole clatter across the boat.

"Naw, your pa ain't got no bite," Sara Lou said aloud. "Set still!"

"Damn halfwit!" she said to herself. "And his pa ain't much better."

Bart heard a splash upstream. But it was only old Hodge knocking a clod off the bank as he brought his line in, then swung it out again. Bart caught a quick beckoning from Sara Lou. "You won't get no fish, jumpin' up and down thataway," he said to the boy. He started back toward Sara Lou, and when he came up to her she was standing behind the tree, her eyes blazing. "Good God A'mighty, Bart, you're lettin' that kid drive you plumb crazy!"

Bart stepped over the dead rabbit. "I gotta look after 'im," he said. "Ain't nobody else to." He leaned the gun against the

tree on the side away from the creek.

"You could have somebody else to, honey, if you was a mind to." Sara Lou took hold of his hand. "You could have everything, sugar, if only you'd go about gettin' it." The boy was facing downstream, watching the line, and Sara Lou pulled Bart to her and kissed him full on the mouth. "Put your arms around me," she said, and for a moment he held her close, then lifted his head, looking past her toward the cow path. "Sweetheart," she said, "we gotta be together always. Always, sweetheart."

Upstream old Hodge had struck into a backwoods song, pitching his voice too high. "Honey," Bart said, "we gotta be careful. We gotta —"

"To hell with him, honey," she said. She crowded Bart against the tree, and his leg pushed the gun over. He picked it up, leaning it, as before, against the tree. Sara Lou eyed the gun. "Sugar," she said, "there ain't nothin' I couldn't do for you." She ran her hand along Bart's arm. "Sweetheart," she went on, "you hear what Sara Lou just said? She said there just ain't nothin' on earth she wouldn't do for you." The woman glanced at the dead rabbit, shotgun pellets showing in

the torn flesh. Then, smiling a little, she looked up into Bart's eyes. "You sure almost blowed 'im in two, sweetheart."

Bart edged away from the tree, and lifted his head again, listening. Hodge was in the refrain of the song now, his voice quavering along pretty well on the tall notes. "Honey," Sara Lou said again, "you sure blowed that rabbit to hell." She held a tight grip on his hand. "But, sweetheart, just a rabbit don't get a person nowhere. There's lowdown buzzards —"

BART DREW suddenly away from her, but she still clung to him as he stepped out past the tree to look down at the boy. "Good God, honey," Sara Lou said, "that kid'll drive you bug-housed, like I told you. Come on, sugar. We gotta talk. We ain't had no good chance —"

"I gotta be where I can watch 'im," Bart said. The boy was whipping the pole from side to side, swishing the line through the water.

"Honey-bunch," Sara Lou said, "don't you love me no more? Don't you?" She dropped his hand, and he turned and caught her to him, and as she put her arms around his neck and kissed him, whispering of her love, she edged him away

from the bank and on past the end of the log. But he stopped there, close to where the brush began. "Come on, sugar," she pleaded. "We can't stay out here. Somebody —"

"Where's that talkin'?" he said.

Sara Lou listened. "'Tain't nothin', honey. 'Tain't nothin' but Hodge and 'is liquor. Liquor always sets him goin'. My God, sweetheart —"

A little breeze made a momentary rustling in the wood, and Bart looked toward the undergrowth. Sara Lou tugged at him. "I gotta stay where I can hear the boy," he said. He fixed his eyes on a gap in the trees across the creek. There was a sound over there, and pretty soon a horse came in sight, walked across the man's vision, then disappeared at the other side of the gap. Sara Lou slipped an arm around Bart's waist. "Lovey," she said, "you're scairt of your shadow." She took his hand, moved it up against her breast, and again Bart turned and kissed her. "God knows, honey," he said, "I want you. But a man's gotta have a woman all to hisself, sweetheart."

"A man could, sugar, if he would only go about it." Sara Lou stroked the back of his head. "Just remember, honey,

that there rabbit and how you blowed it to hell." Sara Lou drew the man's face down, pressing her lips hard against his. Old Hodge had quit talking to himself and was singing again, his voice scarcely making the high notes. "Sweetheart," Sara Lou said, "I gotta have you. I gotta."

Bart's hand was fumbling at her breast. "I want you, too, sweetheart," he said. And as he spoke she drew him toward the undergrowth. "But we gotta be —"

"Pa! Pa!" It was the boy calling. "Pa! Come quick!"

"The little bastard!" Sara Lou cried, trying to hang onto Bart, but he broke away from her and sprang toward the bank. "Pa!" the boy kept yelling. "Pa! I gotta bite!" He was standing on the stern seat of the boat, the fish pole curved in a wide arc, the line taut. Bart bounded along past the elm.

"Set down!" Bart yelled. "Set down!"

"Pull 'im in, Pa!" the boy screamed. He was dancing up and down on the seat.

"Set down!" Bart yelled again. He grabbed the pole, and whipping the line back and forth he finally brought it in, a small black, water-soaked branch at the end of it.

Sara Lou had come hurrying

out to the tree, her face paling, save for the pockmarks, which were little sinks of purplish red. "Bart!" she cried. "Bart!" She took a quick step or two, her feet kicking against the rabbit. Then her eye fell on the gun, and she grew suddenly tense. Upstream old Hodge had stopped singing, and there was only the murmur of the creek and the jabbering of the boy as his father worked nervously at un-snarl the fishline.

Sara Lou buttoned her dress at the neck, where a little while ago she had unbuttoned it. "He musta got off, Pa!" she heard the boy saying. "You never come quick enough!" And as the boy went on scolding Bart for his slowness, Sara Lou stepped around the tree, took the gun, and ran with it toward the undergrowth, where the shells were still lying behind the log. She glanced about, then dropping to her knees, slipped a shell into the gun and laid it behind the log, close to the other shells.

She could still hear the boy down at the boat. He was clamoring for the gun, Bart trying as usual to bargain with him — telling him to fish some more and then he could row the boat home. "I wanna row now," the boy said. And upstream she could hear Hodge cackling over

something, perhaps a fish he had caught. She hurried out to the tree, then down toward the boat.

The boy was standing up, trying to get one of the oars into a lock. But Bart grabbed the blade of the oar. "Set down, Jimmy, like a good boy. 'Tain't gonna be long —"

"Leggo!" the boy yelled. "Leggo! I wanna row!"

Bart looked up at Sara Lou as she reached the boat. "Seems like I'll have to let 'im," he said.

SARA LOU shoved Bart aside and squatted down close to the boat, holding to the edge of it with one hand. "Lemme talk to 'im," she said. There was a glinting coldness in her gaze, but she was smiling. "You go back and watch them lines of yours." She put a hand over Bart's. "Let go the oar, like Jimmy told you." She squeezed Bart's hand, and he let go of the oar.

"I wanna row," the boy said. He gave a quick shove on the oar, taking Bart in the chest and almost knocking him over.

"Go on, Bart," Sara Lou said.

She turned to the boy. "Course you wanta row. A man don't know nothin' about boys."

Bart got up and went back to

his lines, sitting down by the one near the cow path. He could catch the steady murmur of Sara Lou's voice, and saw the boy sit down and edge over toward her.

Sara Lou pointed at the mud flat that ran out from the bank below the boat a little way. "George Henry sure was scairt," the boy said. "He went head over heels in the water." The boy clasped his hands, a trembling of ecstasy shaking him.

"I reckon you scairt 'im good and plenty," Bart heard Sara Lou say. Then her voice fell again. "Don't talk so loud," she said to the boy.

The boy lowered his voice. "I scairt everybody," he said. His clasped hands between his knees, he began rocking backwards and forwards, his voice rising in a shrieking laugh. Sara Lou patted him on the back, put an arm around him, and he sat up, listening to her again. "You scairt 'em all, honey, except old Hodge," she whispered.

Bart got to his feet, then squatted again by the line, lifting it to see if anything was tugging at it. He turned toward Sara Lou and the boy, watching them as if together they made a picturing of something that removed momentarily the loneli-

ness from his heart. The boy had handed the fish pole to Sara Lou and was getting out of the boat, Sara Lou's voice still murmuring, the boy's face lifted to hers. They came on past the elm, till they were about even with the dead rabbit; then Sara Lou threw the boy's line in. The cork didn't quite reach the water, but the boy wasn't paying any attention to the line. Sara Lou took him by the hand, and he began tugging at her and looking toward the cow path, his feet dancing up and down.

"Be quiet," Sara Lou said, "and maybe you can show your pa how to catch a fish."

"Pa," the boy said, "me and Sara Lou's got a secret."

Sara Lou jerked him against her. "Sure, we got a secret, but folks with secrets don't talk about 'em." She bent and whispered to the boy, then spoke so that Bart could hear: "You and me's gonna set back and watch your pa fish." She again whispered something to the boy, making him laugh; then they went back toward the log, the boy tiptoeing all the way. "Now let's show your pa you can set still once in your life," Sara Lou said. She and the boy sat down, but pretty soon he began kicking his heels against the log, his eyes blazing with

excitement. Old Hodge had tuned up again, his voice starting off, as usual, on a high key, but this time stopping and starting over. "I scairt everybody except him," the boy said, his body trembling against Sara Lou's.

"Hush up," Sara Lou said, "and watch your pa." The sun-bonnet was there beside her on the log, and her right hand had taken hold of it, the fingers twisting nervously at the cloth.

Bart could hear the two whispering, Sara Lou doing most of the talking. Across the creek, and through the gap in the trees, he could see a mare and her colt. The mare was cropping grass, the colt standing beside her, its neck arched. "Bart," Sara Lou said, "go take a look at them other lines."

Bart glanced toward the lines, then back at her and the boy. "There ain't nothin' on 'em," he said.

"How you know?" Sara Lou said. "It won't do no —"

"Hurry up, Pa," the boy said; "go look at 'em, Pa."

Bart went down toward the elm, stopped and looked at the boy's line, pushed the pole out a little till the cork was touching the water, then went on to the other throw-line. He was bending over it, when he heard a crackling of twigs and the

boy's shrilling laugh. He straightened up, turning just in time to see the boy disappearing on the cow path, the gun in his hand. "Hey!" he yelled. "Come back! Come back with that gun!" He started running for the path, but Sara Lou had jumped up from the log and was trying to head him off, the bonnet clutched in her right hand.

"Bart! Bart! For God's sake, stop!" She made a lunge for him, dropping the bonnet and almost grabbing him, but in a second he was on the path and out of sight, Sara Lou racing after him, but stopping suddenly where the path began. "Bart! Bart!" she screamed. And as she screamed again, she heard the gun go off, the explosion rocking the wood and making a roaring in her ears that sent her swaying against a little tree. And as she caught herself from falling, the roaring died down and she heard Bart's voice, loud and sharp in the stillness: "Where'd you get it! Where'd you get that shell!"

"I never got it, Pa!" The boy was sobbing. "I was only gonna scare old Hodge. Sara Lou, she told me —"

"Scare 'im! You coulda kilt 'im!"

Sara Lou heard them coming toward her. Then she heard old

Hodge — asking what the trouble was — and his words, quivering there in the wood, were followed by a crazy cackling of laughter that brought Sara Lou out of her faintness, flushed her face a deep red, as from the tree beside her she twisted a heavy switch, then waited just off the entrance to the path, her eyes in a dance of fury.

The boy was whimpering now, coming ahead, Bart close behind and pushing him along fast — old Hodge trailing the two. "Good Goddy!" Hodge was saying. "Good Goddy!" And Bart was asking again about the shell as the boy came into the open, where Sara Lou grabbed him, jerking him from in front of Bart and bringing the switch down, lashing him madly across the back and neck, yanking him along the ground. "You damn little bastard!" she screamed. "You damn —"

"Lay off 'im!" Bart yelled, making a jump for her, but for a moment she kept the boy between them. And as Bart dropped the gun, then caught her arm, high up, she let go of the boy, and jerking away from Bart she cut him viciously across the face as he turned to bend over the boy. "You white-livered fool!" she screamed. "You numskull idiot!" She

lashed Bart again, taking him across the neck; then of a sudden she dropped to the ground and began sobbing, old Hodge shuffling toward her, a whiskey bottle in his hand, and asking where she'd come from and what the nation ailed her. He came still closer and was patting her shoulder, when Sara Lou sprang up and gave him a hay-maker that sent him end over end, some fifteen feet toward the creek, the whiskey bottle flying through the air and into the water. Sara Lou ran out to where he was, and stood glaring down at him, her breast heav-

ing. "You damn crowbait!" she cried. "You damn wizened-up poor excuse for nothin'!"

Near the cow path the boy was still lying on the grass, letting out howl after howl, Bart trying to soothe him, and finally getting for his trouble a stiff kick in the face that set him to dancing around, tears in his eyes and blood dripping from his nose. He gave a moan or two, then heard laughter. It was Sara Lou — laughing at him, fairly shrieking with laughter.

"Good Goddy!" old Hodge was saying. "Good Goddy!"

WE were in one of the rowboats. We were four miles out of Ronchi. Our gas lantern was very bright above the flat-surfaced water. The motor launch was slowly circling us with the big net. The water around us was full of fish attracted by our lantern. They kept swimming back and forth in the lit-up water. Now the launch completed the circle and closed the net. It is time now, Guilio said to me. I gave him the small can of dynamite. He pulled the fuse and tossed the can overboard. It sank about fifteen feet and then whumpf! it exploded. Then I could see that the fish below us barely moved. They had all been knocked silly. I do not like it this way, Guilio said. I feel it is a dirty business to do it this way. But the dynamite makes it all so much simpler, I said. Yes, he said. But it makes something about the whole business go bad. I do not like it at all. The net was being drawn up now. None of the fish were ramming themselves into the net holes. It was a pretty fair haul.

— C. B.

IN THE MERCURY'S



Is President Truman An Honorable Man?

In the lexicon of freedom the word *honor* has been considered important: like *liberty* and *democracy*. The men who signed the Declaration pledged their "sacred honors;" after which Tom

Paine wrote: "The cause of America is the cause of mankind." The old copybooks had many lines about honor, because Americans have wanted their children to be able to define it.

Two disclosures in recent weeks have set thoughtful Americans to thinking about

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honor: the "fixes" in basketball and the "fixes" in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. It has been shown that there are now a number of youths in the colleges who, for money, will "throw" an athletic contest; and, similarly, that members of the White House gang, for money, will "throw" or "fix" public loans.

The difference in the general reaction to the two "fixes" was notable. The boys who "threw" the basketball games were arrested; they were *dishonored*; most of their loot was confiscated. District attorneys, columnists, and university presidents wailed: What has happened to our youth? Is our moral fabric rotting? Where are the standards of yesteryear?

But the boys and girls who "threw" the loans were not arrested. They were not even dis-

charged or *dishonored*. The television comedians exploited the mink coat; *Time* and Walter Winchell recalled that "chorus girls get minks the same way that minks get minks." But was the coat confiscated? Was there any demand that the "fixers" be jailed?

The President comforted his mink-coated stenographer and her "fixing" husband during their "ordeal of political persecution;" and professional Democrats cheered the President for "this new demonstration of his loyalty." Then the President gravely announced that his "fixers" are "all honorable men."

This action by Truman impels us to ask these questions: Is it possible that the President of the United States doesn't know an honorable man from a dishonorable one? Is he himself confused as to the definition of honor? If so, is not his confusion likely to spread to the people he leads? And can he be trusted to define honor for our children?

These are serious questions. A nation which has lost its definition of honor has lost its justification for being. And what hope can we entertain when we can no longer explain to our children how an honorable man differs from a liar, how a just man differs from a knave, how a wise man differs from a fool?

Does the President Put "Honor Above Money?"

In *The New York Times* on April 10, 1949, the President explained how, after he had learned to read, he turned to the biographies of successful men. "I discovered," he said, "that all of them were men of honor, all had a moral code. So I have always put honor above money."

So we have the President's testimony. He values honor. He considers himself, like his fixers, an honorable man — a man with a moral code, presumably strict; a man who has "always put honor above money."

There are many supporting witnesses. In the *New York Herald Tribune*, March 19, 1951, the columnist, David Lawrence, called on the President to "offset the taint of mink coats and deep freezers," but Mr. Lawrence added this testimony: "Nobody can justly say that Harry Truman is devoid of personal integrity."

This magazine cannot agree either with the President or with Mr. Lawrence. We believe that the President, on his record, is a dishonorable man. We believe that he *is* devoid of personal integrity. We believe that he is a fixer among fixers, that his influence in this country is debilitating and evil.

We invite our readers to sit in judgment on Truman's claims to "honor and integrity." We invite them to examine dispassionately the President's definition of honor. Is it a definition which Americans should accept and pass on to their children? Is it a definition which can speed a return to "the lost standards of yesteryear?" Are there examples of how Truman put "honor above money" which schoolmasters can employ to inspire a new generation?

In the last twenty years the American people have lost their ability to define liberty and democracy; what hope can there be if they lose their ability to define honor?

***Is the President a
"Liar and a Deadbeat"?***

There is a carefully nurtured legend that the President, whatever faults he may have, is a ruggedly honest little man who once went broke or bankrupt, then labored all his life to pay off his debts. He took the *honorable course*; he placed "honor above money."

The New York Times Magazine of April 10, 1949, carried a "portrait" of the President by the paper's Sunday editor, Lester Markel. The paper explained that the article was "based on talks with the President." The

article mentions, as the best example of Truman's rugged, Lincolnesque honor, the bankruptcy of Truman and Jacobson in 1922; then Mr. Markel adds these unqualified words: "Truman paid off in full the last remaining debt resulting from that bankruptcy."

In regard to this quotation we suggest that our readers, sitting in dispassionate judgment, consider these points:

1. The statement appeared in a newspaper which has a reputation for truth; it has been repeated until most Americans accept it as fact.

2. The statement was made by an editor of the paper.

3. The statement was "based on talks with the President"; therefore, the President was made responsible for published information about his personal "moral code."

4. The President, Mr. Markel, and *The Times* have, therefore, solemnly declared to the American people that the President bankrupted; that *he*, at personal sacrifice, then paid his debts; and that he paid them *in full*.

This, of course, is a lie both in detail and in implication. It's more than a lie; it's the Big Lie of the totalitarians; it's the lie that is to be shouted so loud and so often that millions of men come to accept it as truth. It's

the contrived lie told for the purpose of deluding, not one man, but an entire nation.

Here is a deposition by a reliable citizen of Kansas City:

In the judgment records of the Circuit Court of Jackson County, Missouri, at Kansas City, there is found this entry: "Security State Bank vs. Harry S. Truman." The judgment was rendered on April 30, 1929, in Division Number 4, in Cause 203262; the judgment was on a note to the bank and was entered for the sum of \$8944.78, principal and interest, and is found recorded in Book 419, Page 9.

This judgment was never paid. The suit was to recover on a note for borrowed money from the Security State Bank while Truman and a man named Jacobson were running a haberdashery store on 12th Street of this City. They failed; Jacobson promptly filed a petition in bankruptcy, and Jacobson thereby was discharged of his debts. Truman refused to go into bankruptcy, although there were several judgments against him, and at that time, and ever since, he has been on the county or federal payrolls, and, of course, was not subject to garnishment under the law. He made no effort to pay his debts.

Some years later the Security State Bank was taken over by the Continental National Bank

for liquidation, and the judgment against Truman became the property of the Continental Bank. Eventually the Continental National Bank went into liquidation, and was being liquidated in the Federal Court of this district under the jurisdiction of Judge Albert L. Reeves.

While being so administered, a proposition was made by some of the political friends of Harry S. Truman to compromise and settle the judgment for \$1000, which was less than ten cents on the dollar since at that time the judgment against Truman, with interest, exceeded \$10,000. I was one of the attorneys for the receiver, and I declined to settle on that basis, but the court directed me to do so. All the bank got out of the judgment was \$1000 paid by political followers of Truman. Truman personally paid nothing and made no effort to do so.

The man who made this statement in writing to the editor of this magazine is a reputable attorney who is also the friend and legal representative of the President's brother, Vivian Truman.

Here is the judgment of the lawyer who represented the President's brother in the mortgage foreclosure on the President's mother's farm:

"Harry Truman is a deadbeat and has been all his life. Vivian

is a splendid citizen, honest and responsible; Harry is the bad apple in that barrel. He has escaped his responsibilities simply by slopping at the public trough where his salary wasn't garnishable. Even after he became President his brother had to run around here with other people's money trying to settle — not *pay*, but *settle* — judgments against him at ten cents on the dollar. As a person Harry Truman is a liar and a deadbeat; and as a willing tool of Tom Pendergast he was the enemy of every decent citizen in this community."

For Americans who want truth and not myths, here is what happened:

When Truman failed in business he had two honorable courses open to him: 1) he could bankrupt and be discharged of his debts. Or 2) he could seek out his creditors and ask for long-term agreements on settlements. The President spurned both these courses; he was in Pendergast politics; he thought that a bankruptcy would be a political liability; and he was not vulnerable to garnishment since he owned nothing, did not keep a bank account, and his salary was not garnishable.

There is even more sinister evidence. Since the President's political gangsters controlled

the tax-levying apparatus, at least one of his creditors is said not to have prosecuted him out of fear of tax reprisals.

In the 1940's some of the President's gang began asking the creditors to accept "settlements" and mark the old judgments "satisfied." In no case was the proffered payment more than ten per cent, and there is no evidence that any of the money was the President's.

There is evidence that at least one Federal judge "advised" creditors to accept the settlements. He is reported to have argued: "Harry is now President of the United States. That makes things different. He can do a lot for this community. The best thing you can do is accept a settlement and let him present a clear slate to the country."

If the President was proceeding in an honorable manner after 1922 where was his bank account? Most honorable men who hold responsible positions of public trust have some sort of bank account? They don't keep their money stashed around in lock boxes like Al Capone or Frank Costello. From 1922 until long after he had gone to Washington, the President had no bank account.

"He either kept his money in his pocket or in old Tom's safe," is the report of a banker

who has known the President all his life.

For boobs, yahoos, and other Common Men, such information as this is dismissed as a "smear." But this magazine is not in the smearing business; we are interested only in penetrating the Big Lies of our time which are used to delude simple men. We reiterate, without qualification, that the whole legend of the President's being a debt-payer is a Big Lie. And worse, what was patently dishonorable conduct, has, by the alchemy of propaganda, been transmuted into an example of Rugged Honesty.

That the President is a deliberate, contriving liar — the record bulges with such evidence. On October 16, 1944, the Associated Press reported from Los Angeles: "Senator Harry S. Truman, Democratic vice-presidential candidate, today told a reporter that he never had sought the support of the Pendergast political organization in Missouri and that 'scandal' did not involve the organization 'until three or four years after I entered the Senate.'"

Nobody questions that this is a double-barreled lie — not even Truman's closest friends. The only question is what sort of lie it is: whether it's a plain lie, a damn lie, or a political lie.

Are Americans ready to concede that a man can be a demonstrated liar and still be honorable? If so, how shall we define honor in the new copy books?

Truman Has Borrowed Money From An "RFC"

Truman's brand of honor — and his defense of his fixers — can also be understood by examining a loan he once engineered from an "RFC." The Pendergast Gang had its own "RFC." It was the school fund of Jackson County. The late Mayor of Independence, Roger Sermon, who raised money for Truman's campaigns, described how this fund was handled:

"It was administered by the county court, and *if you had the right political recommendations*, you could borrow money from it." Then the Mayor chuckled: "But you had to come *highly recommended*."

The propriety of non-bankable loans to individuals from public school funds — is this a practice which many Americans would defend as "honorable?" The decent people of Missouri, over Truman's opposition, finally were able to stop it. But Truman got his loan before the gate was closed.

In 1938, while Truman was a United States Senator, he managed a loan of \$35,000 on his

mother's farm from the school fund. One of his water boys signed as a guarantor, along with his brother, Vivian. That it was an unsound, non-bankable loan is evident from what transpired. It was even illegal, for under the law each of the guarantors was required to own property in excess of the mortgage, and neither of the guarantors owned such property.

In the years following the loan Truman paid not a penny of interest, not a penny of tax on the land, and, despite a rapid rise in land values occasioned by the Second War, the county finally had to foreclose the mortgage when Republicans gained the power to do so. Truman's mother had begun borrowing the money originally for him; and, on the bitterest day of her life, he allowed her to be dispossessed and sent to the little house in Grandview where she died.

It cannot be argued that the President was penniless during the period of this mortgage. He had always lived in his mother-in-law's house and paid no rent; he had been a senator for seven years drawing at least \$15,000 a year; he had long had his wife on the payroll at \$5000 a year; and he had had his brother on the Federal payroll at \$8500 a year.

Is this the brand of "honor and integrity" that *The Times* and the *Herald Tribune* want to hold up to our children?

Why Truman Approves His RFC Fixers

With such a record of lifelong conduct, why do reporters like David Lawrence insist on separating Truman from his personally selected bedfellows? Why attribute one standard of honor to Major General Harry Vaughn or to John Maragon or to E. Merl Young or to William Boyle, and still credit the President with "personal integrity?" Truman is only a simple humbug, heading a gang of simple humbugs, and they are all in Washington for one purpose: to manipulate Government favor and public money so that they can get rich.

Is there one American left who doesn't understand that Washington is now the Great Oasis of Opportunity? The opportunities of the Ohio Gang in 1922 were peanuts compared to the opportunities of the Missouri Gang in 1951. This, in Washington, is the Golden Age of the Ragged-Assed Politician; every one of the yahoos around the White House can still feel warm cow dung between his toes; not one of them could ever buy a good dinner before he

came to Washington; yet now he can have a bushel of inflated greenbacks, two directorships, a Cadillac, a barrel of beer, and a red-headed woman — all for the delivery of a contract or a loan.

A director of the RFC has testified that he couldn't get his job until he had promised Donald Dawson, a "top aide" of the President, that he "would cooperate with the Democratic Party." Remember how you had to come "*highly* recommended" by the Pendergast gang to get a loan from the school fund?

The "chief recommender" to the RFC is William Boyle, and who is Mr. Boyle? He is a cop from Kansas City, trained in the same gang as Truman. Mr. Boyle's predecessor was Bob Hannegan, from St. Louis, who came to Washington ragged-assed and left with three million dollars.

The best chuckles from the RFC are supplied by the antics of George Allen, the laughing boy from Mississippi. Allen knew, better than most of the Truman gangsters, that the quickest way to get many Negro votes in certain areas is to enlist Negro preachers. So Allen got loans for the Elder Lightfoot Michaux, a genial practitioner in the Negro god business, and

wouldn't you know it? The Elder Lightfoot descended on the Democratic convention in 1948, dressed in a Joseph's coat-of-many-colors, surrounded by a host of angels, all shouting for Truman. And, needless to add, payment on the Elder's loans are reported "not current."

Allen has so many directorships now that he has quit speaking to the second echelon of the Truman gang, and he'll soon be as rich as Tommy Corcoran, who sold Roosevelt influence for at least two million, or Donald Hiss, the law partner of Dean Acheson, who, for some reason, specializes in getting loans for foreign governments.

Is there one thoughtful American left who has any illusions about this gang of plunderers? Of course Truman regards them all as "honorable men"; he is loyal to them: Ali Baba was loyal to his forty thieves.

But if this nation is to survive — or, indeed, be worthy of survival — its citizenry will have to reject the Truman definition of honor. For why should patriots continue to nourish a nation with their blood when the proper has become what you can get away with, when the expedient has become the honorable, when a lie believed has become truth?

Life in

L.A.

FREEMAN PHILLIPS

IT'S DRIZZLING outdoors now, but in fairness to the Chamber of Commerce (which, incidentally, is a very real organization and not merely the punch line of one of Bob Hope's jokes) I must assure you that presently the sun will come out again. It is their modest estimate that in Los Angeles the sun shines 330 days out of the 365. And, while I've never actually taken the trouble to keep count, I think that is probably pretty close to the truth. The fact that some days it doesn't shine for very long is a technicality and hardly worth mentioning.

In Los Angeles the spirit of the Chamber of Commerce is everywhere, like God. This is a city of optimists and boosters, of pitchmen and horse traders. We not only have the finest

climate in the world, but we grow the biggest oranges, squashes, melons, tomatoes, cauliflowers, etc., etc., and the prettiest girls, and the briefest bathing suits.

Wherever you go somebody is selling something. This is the land of the low down payment and the friendly credit terms, whether you want to sue your neighbor, or buy an operation or a set of false teeth.

Nowhere else that I know of do bankers and doctors and undertakers chuck their staid conservatism and hawk their wares in the open market. For example, one large bank which has been pitching left and right over TV for the last couple of years, hit a new high with its latest offering. First, sung to a slightly off-meter version of "Pop Goes the Weasel," we learn of "A new protection, just announced," which is Federal insurance of accounts up to ten thousand dollars. However, this is really just to set the mood. The clincher comes after the song is finished, when we are breathlessly informed that now, at ——— Bank we get a special pass book which permits us to put our money in or take our money out.

Less sensational, but still somewhat in the same spirit is the new drive-in bank, where

we can, if we wish, transact our business without even getting out of the car.

Somehow or other we fall for the sales talk and we buy. Perhaps it's because we bought the climate when we came out here from Kansas and Oklahoma and New York, and now that we've got the habit we can't stop, or maybe it's because it's catching — we've all become salesmen, and salesmen are the most gullible people on earth.

Anyway, we buy and then we put it up for sale again. At a slightly higher price, of course.

THERE HAVE been far too many jokes about Los Angeles drivers. In defense of the town I love, I would like to say that the pedestrian mortality rate at Sunset and Vine is not nearly as high as some people would have you believe. However it is true that traffic moves through the city streets at quite a good clip, and during rush hours a slightly maniac, nightmare quality creeps in. There is a seemingly endless stream of automobiles, rushing along at forty miles an hour, three abreast and practically bumper to bumper, cutting each other off, jockeying for position at the signals, tearing away at the green with a roar of deep tone tail pipes (a handy little

gimmick, native to Los Angeles as far as I know, which makes a six-cylinder jalopy with leaky valves sound like a rocket ship). Visitors to our city, accustomed to a less hectic pace, frequently put away the keys to their cars for the duration of their stay.

The typical Los Angeles pedestrian (and I admit that as a non-pedestrian, I may be a little prejudiced against him) adds substantially to the hazard. He is the plodding type. Wrapped in righteousness and the knowledge of his inviolable right of way, he has developed none of the quickness or the wary cunning of, say, the New York pedestrian. Instead, placing his faith in God and the white line, he steps from the curb and heads toward the other side. The fact that he frequently makes it is a tribute to the brake and tire manufacturers of America.

The sound of sirens, crumpling fenders and squealing brakes is always with us, and to a native away from home I suppose it would be these sounds more than anything else which would bring a nostalgic tear to the eye.

One of the most charming things about Los Angeles is its closeness to nature, to mountains, forests, the ocean, the sky, sunshine and rain. In other cities I've been to there is the

feeling that those things are temporary nuisances which will be eliminated completely as soon as an artificial substitute can be developed. But here it is different. We are constantly preoccupied with our climate, our topography. We like to walk along a busy city street on a nice day and look up at the snow-capped mountains a few miles away. Then we think: Where else in the world could you do that?

Nature and the elements are right in among us. The Santa Monica Mountains, rising with dramatic abruptness just behind Hollywood Boulevard, flood even our busiest streets with water during wet seasons. The Baldwin Hills in the southwest portion of the city are still as raw and intractable as they were in the days of the Indians. Even the earth gives us a gentle shaking up now and then just to let us know that this is still pretty wild country.

But, of course, the big thing to us is our lazy, even-tempered climate. It gets a hold on you when you come out here, and although you may go back where you came from temporarily, we're always ready to bet that you will return.

When Easterners come to Los Angeles (and, of course, from our vantage point nearly every-

one is an Easterner) they can't help being struck by the sort of odd-ball, antic quality of the city. I am not speaking now of the calculated cuteness of restaurants built in the shape of frogs or dogs or derby hat. What I mean is that there is something in the air that makes you feel that you are on a continual holiday. A sort of: "What the hell, this is California," attitude that brings out the foolishness in people. After you've been here a week or so it no longer seems strange to see sweet little old ladies riding along in the street car frowning and pursing their lips over their racing forms instead of crocheting or tatting or doing whatever little old ladies are supposed to do. As a matter of fact, you probably wouldn't be surprised if one asked you out to have a beer.

Even religion has been caught up in the general goofiness. Praises to the Lord rise heavenward accompanied by anything from the twang of hill-billy guitars to the sinuous harmonies of a modern dance band. The idea seems to be that you might as well have a little fun while you're getting religion.

Freeman Phillips' story, "Little Noolley's Blues," was in the March
MERCURY.

Los Angeles is fertile territory for all manner of quacks and fakers. Chinese herb doctors are much in evidence, as are spiritual advisers, handwriting analysts, etc. Ron Hubbard and his engrams were nothing short of sensational out here, and Hadacol promises to be the same.

A FAVORITE gathering place of our less conventional element is Pershing Square. This lush little oasis with its green grass, banana trees and tall palms, sits right in the middle of the downtown section, directly across from the Biltmore Hotel. On sunny days (all 330 of them) its benches are thronged, its sun-dappled walks bottlenecked by as fine an assortment of characters as you'll ever see. Prophets, panhandlers, vegetarians, winos, and people who just like to sit in the sun — all are drawn to the wooden benches and the atmosphere of leisurely tolerance.

By the fountain an earnest young man harangues a lazy group of grape juice enthusiasts to repent and join the Lord. The sinners listen interestedly, with the air of connoisseurs, smiling and nodding when the preacher makes a good point. A stubbly-chinned man in blue jeans grins and uncrosses his

legs. "Well, I don't know," he begins. "I can't see there's nothin' so sinful about a little wine. It says right there in the Book, the Lord used to take a mouthful hisself ever' oncet in a while."

"That's a different thing entirely," the young man snaps, not pleased at being interrupted.

"Different?" the man in jeans says. "I don't see why, now. Muscatel's wine, ain't it?"

The others smile and nod in approval. That's a good point. No one can deny that Muscatel is wine. They look politely to the young man for his answer.

This lazy, good-natured baiting of people who are hot under the collar is a favorite pastime in Pershing Square. Also in the running are those interminable checker games and the reading of three-day-old newspapers. Time is not of the essence. I suppose that's the reason I like the place.

But I feel a little sad as I write this. I was downtown the other day, and as I passed the park I saw the unmistakable signs of work going on. I asked a man what was happening and he told me the bad news.

Progress is on the march. Pershing Square is to be converted into an underground garage and parking lot.

THE ISLE OF DETENTION

W. L. WHITE

ALTHOUGH IN THE end nothing terrible happened, at the time it was frightening. Most of all it was the suspense — the feeling of being suddenly taken out of line when you are about to get off the boat, and hustled instead to Ellis Island past the Statue of Liberty you have seen so many times in pictures.

All agree on this, from the highly paid foreign opera singers to the frightened little GI brides. Then they all ask, why was it necessary? How was America or the world made any safer? And what was the purpose of this McCarran Act, in the name of which it was done to them?

Even though the officials were polite, even though the food on Ellis Island was decent, still no one likes to be locked up, particularly when it later proves to have been done for no sensible reason; when they only ask you again questions you have answered so many times before, and will not even let you telephone the friends who came to meet you at the dock and who now wonder why you didn't get off.

The world-famous artists whose names you have read recently, singers like the German Hans Hotter, violinists like the Hungarian Joseph Szigeti, pianists like the Austrian Friederich Gulda, Italians like Victor de Sabata, conductor of the La Scala Orchestra in Milan, would be the first to tell you they suffered least.

Usually the Metropolitan Opera Company or some other powerful American organization had warned them by wireless, several days before landing, that it might happen. Dozens of American friends among the first-class passengers assured them that Ellis Island would be only a temporary inconvenience and a good dinner-table joke later.

But if even these prosperous celebrities were frightened, what about the shabbily

dressed, bewildered-looking little GI bride, sitting there clutching her baby?

When, in the dining salon, the uniformed American landing officials had asked her all these questions, at first she had had little fear. Many times since the war's end she had been asked the same questions in Germany by uniformed Americans. All had accepted her answers.

Her name, of course. And yes, she was German. And yes, a few years ago she had married an American soldier. This was their little daughter, born in America. But the child had been back to Bavaria on a visit to her grandparents.

Only then, with all this sudden talk of war, the mother had gone back to Germany, to bring her baby home to America.

Had she ever been a Nazi?

Oh, no.

Ever a member of an affiliated organization?

Well, during the war, she had been a stenographer for a big company. Like all its other workers, she had to pay dues to a labor union which, like all German unions, was then government-controlled.

Was it called the DAF?

That was right — the German Labor Front.

It was here that the uniformed American had (so politely and

yet so frighteningly) asked the girl to step out of line. Why? Didn't these Americans know that in wartime Germany, no matter what your political views, you had to pay dues to government unions in order to work and eat?

Yes, even these knew it. But would she please step out of line? Something about a new American law, which didn't affect her daughter because she was American-born, but of course the baby couldn't go ashore alone. So both of them would wait here, please. Soon they would be taken to Ellis Island. Maybe only for a few days.

EXCEPT FOR the anxious boredom, Ellis Island is surely no torture chamber. Uneasy people wait here for days, sometimes weeks, and an occasional stubborn case waits for years. The distress if any is only mental, and takes place, if at all, in the hearing rooms through which each alien must pass for processing before he may go ashore, in the presence of an Immigration Inspector, an interpreter and a stenographer, all of whom are unfailingly polite.

In one such bare room, a typical team of interrogators has at the table a husky blond German

of about thirty-five. Sitting in chairs against the wall are his little family, his pretty, buxom, blue-eyed wife who comforts their two children and listens anxiously.

The young German (his name is Herbert Lueck) is explaining that he was eighteen years old when Hitler came to power, had never joined either the Nazi party or the Hitler Youth. Furthermore, although before the war he was an auto mechanic in Hamburg, he was not forced to join the Nazi Labor Front because the garage where he worked was so small that unions were not compulsory.

At this point he produces a well-worn certificate issued by the Allied Armies, certifying that he was never in any way connected with the Nazis.

But during the war?

Well, in 1938 he was drafted and all during the war drove an automobile for the German Navy, taking admirals from their homes to their offices. This seems to have been the extent of his offences against Democracy.

After the war he joined the Christian Democratic Union (an anti-Communist German political party) and was elected to a municipal office in Hamburg. But he now wants to take his family to Syracuse, N. Y.,

where his wife's parents, who have been American citizens for twenty-two years, are waiting for them.

Now the inspector calls the wife to the table. Her story is brief. She had been even younger than he when the Nazis came to power, had never been connected with them, had never even joined the BDM (Hitler's Union of German Maidens). Before she was married she had clerked in a book shop, but, as in her husband's case, it was so small that union membership was not required.

The inspector's verdict is that because Herbert Lueck has been a member of the German armed forces he must be temporarily detained (here the blonde wife's mouth opens in horror), and an answer will be given shortly.

One of the uniformed men now goes to a wall telephone and, talking to Washington, tells the Attorney General's office the details of the case of Herbert Lueck.

Why? The observer of all this is told that it is a painful duty, thrust upon the Justice Department and its branch, the Immigration Service, by the new McCarran Act. For under its terms all these people are now excluded. The GI bride because she had to pay union dues, Herbert Lueck because he had to

drive the admirals, were therefore members of organizations "affiliated with" the Nazi party. However, they may be temporarily let in, but only after details of each case are phoned to Washington for official permission, and a report on each rendered to Congress.

At which point the uniformed man returns from the telephone to announce that Herbert Lueck will be admitted to America — but only temporarily, for a six-month stay.

So it is with countless thousands of Germans, Italians and Austrians who, after careful screening in Europe, had been certified by our consuls as friendly, and had then been given American visas either for business trips or as permanent residents and future citizens.

Why are they being frightened and harassed, in a year when our country so desperately needs friends? Some day they will understand that they were victims of a squabble between branches of our government.

President Truman, in his message vetoing the McCarran bill, warned that in an atmosphere of hysteria the Congress had drawn an unworkable law.

BUT hear now the side of Congress. Both Senator McCarran and House leaders who

first wrote the bill and then led its passage through a Democratic Congress over a Democratic President's veto, insist that it was carefully compiled from a number of bills plus existing laws, all conceived to check what months of hearings had revealed as a serious problem of Communist espionage in this country.

The Senators who drafted the McCarran Act had weighed a study made by the Attorney General's office of 4984 of the more militant members of the Communist party here, the finding being that 91 per cent "were either of foreign stock or were married to persons of foreign stock."

The Senators had heard Louis Budenz, ex-Communist and former editor of the *Daily Worker*, who told them that the Communist Internationale sent to America "political tourists" to direct our native Communists.

Paul Crouch, another American who once served the Communist party for seventeen years before he broke, told the Senators that the vast majority of Communist leaders here "are foreign-born persons who are not naturalized citizens," native Americans being used as leaders "only to head the various party fronts." Mr. Crouch agreed with Louis Budenz that

the party here is "directed exclusively by aliens."

After days of listening to disturbing testimony like this, the Senators concluded that the problem of cutting the controls whereby Moscow directs its American branch party "becomes, therefore, substantially an immigration problem."

Elizabeth Bentley, another ex-Communist who had also worked in espionage, told the Senators that as early as 1945 the Russians — who were quite farseeing at that time, she explained — "were intending to set up a program of bringing their own agents in with war refugees and DPs."

Once in the country it was almost impossible under then-existing laws to get Communist aliens out, the Senators concluded. In the previous decade only seven aliens had actually been deported for subversion or espionage. The Senators considered the strange case of Frank E. Spector, who was born in Russia, who mysteriously turned up in this country in the early 1920's, who never bothered to become naturalized but attained a lengthy record of Communist activities.

When the chairman of a committee of the California State Senate threatened him with deportation if he would not

testify, this evoked from Mr. Spector a low laugh. "You are too late," he explained. "The order for my deportation has been issued twenty-one years ago — and I am still here."

Why? Because, before an alien can be deported, even after he has been tried, found guilty and the judge has signed the order, a country must be found which is willing to receive him. And Russia, the land of Frank Spector's birth, flatly refused. Maybe because Russia found Mr. Spector more useful over here. Meanwhile, Mr. Spector could not be locked up in this country, so for those twenty-one years he has been free to continue his Communist activities.

So maybe the problem was to keep people like Frank Spector out in the first place.

CERTAIN CHANNELS of Communist infiltration, the Congress realized, could never be touched. Since 1938 about 160,000 diplomatic visas to enter this country have been granted, many of them to Iron Curtain diplomats and to United Nations employees.

Just who are these people? Senator McCarran picked a hundred names at random and sent them for investigation to our Central Intelligence Agency. This body presently reported

that of the hundred, thirty-two before they became "diplomats" had been engaged in active work for the intelligence services of their respective countries; twenty-two had been underground Communists and twenty-nine, after coming to America, were reported to be ardently (if quietly) working in subversive activities.

Since these countries are Communist, it is to be assumed that their diplomats are also Communists. But nothing can be done, and this channel of espionage must remain open.

What Congress hoped to do, in passing the McCarran Act, was to close the other channels and generally to tighten the reins on Communists. Its intent was not to frighten GI brides nor to harass Hungarian violinists, but to exclude undesirables like the undeportable Spector.

Under previous laws both Communists and Nazis had been classified as subversives, although the laws had been passed before the Communists took their present name and before the Nazi party was organized. In order to bring the language up to date, Congress in the McCarran Act, adopting a mixture of old and new legal phrasing, excluded all aliens who "at any time, shall be or shall have been members . . . of the

Communist or other totalitarian party . . . or organization."

The President felt that the bill was hastily drawn, and promptly vetoed it. Angry majorities in both houses of his Democratic Congress passed it over his veto. Whereupon the President grimly announced it would be enforced to the limit.

President Truman's Attorney General, J. Howard McGrath, went loyally to work, instructing his Immigration Service to remove from all incoming boats and take to Ellis Island thousands of bewildered people, including the GI brides and the musicians.

There was, he insisted, now no choice. In a letter (October 20, 1950) to the State Department which had issued visas to all these people, he explained that the new McCarran Act applied not only to all active Communists, Nazis, Fascists, and Falangists but to any alien who had ever been forced into their armies or their youth movements, "regardless of whether or not he may now be harmless, anti-totalitarian, pro-American, or the circumstances under which he was a member." Even the most harmless or friendly could, under the law, be admitted only temporarily and by special permission of the Attorney General.

FIRST TO come to the aid of the bewildered GI brides and other harassed foreign visitors was Francis E. Walter, who had been chairman of the House committee which helped draft the McCarran Act. In a sharp letter to Mr. McGrath he insisted that all the uproar, which was "creating undue personal hardship and greatly damaging our international relations" had been "caused by a misinterpretation" of the McCarran Act.

The lawyers in Congress who had drafted the McCarran Act were "fully familiar with the considerable volume of judicial and administrative interpretations" of the old laws. All previous rulings had held that affiliation under duress did not count against the alien. "Freedom of will is essential," the courts had held, and how, argued Congressman Walter, could will be free when "a child's education, welfare, indeed its very sustenance, was made by the totalitarian regimes of Germany and Italy dependent on its membership in the various youth groups?" He also insisted that Congress "had made it abundantly clear" that they did not want to exclude people who "as children had to wear various shirts of fancy colors."

Apparently unimpressed, Mr. McGrath continued to take to

Ellis Island all the GI brides who had ever worn such shirts. Could he be trying to justify the President's veto by making a joke of the Congress?

The State Department, too, jumped into the fight, and on the side of Congress. It had issued visas to all these detained aliens, and it could not understand why men who had stayed out of all totalitarian parties but had finally been drafted into the army should now be excluded from this country.

Writing Attorney General McGrath on November 28, 1950, Under Secretary of State Carlisle H. Humelsine pointed out that "the German and Italian armies were not created by the Nazi or Fascist parties but existed long before these parties were formed." Furthermore, "as late as 1944 there was concluded in the German army a plot to assassinate Hitler."

The very next week Mr. Humelsine was again protesting to Attorney General McGrath that surely Congress had not intended to exclude aliens who "under compulsion, coercion or duress" might have joined Nazi or Fascist labor unions or youth organizations, nor members of "medical associations, engineers' societies or other business or professional organizations or clubs."

As the new year approached, Mr. McGrath got a rebuking letter signed by the twelve Senators and Congressmen who had in conference written the McCarran act, courteously but firmly insisting that, in its interpretation, the State Department had been right and the Justice Department wrong.

Mr. McGrath remained unconvinced. Was he trying to justify the President's veto by giving the McCarran act what the State Department had said was an "absurd interpretation"?

Congress believed he was, so this spring, both houses passed House Bill 2339 which does not amend the McCarran act, but instead Mr. McGrath is "authorized and directed" as to how he shall construe those

words under which foreigners who were "members of or affiliated with" totalitarian parties are excluded from this country. The words should not be twisted to bar "involuntary members" or people who had joined only to get food or work cards, or who had been under sixteen.

Meanwhile the fact remains that, under the present enforcement of this act, aimed by Congress primarily at alien Communists, not one of them has been turned back from Ellis Island. But at a time when we appeal in Europe for friends to help us fight, those who should be among our best were being frightened and harassed for months by our attorney-general, all in the name of the McCarran Act.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

The Bolted Doors

JOSÉ ANTONIO NOVAIS TOMÉ

Madrid

WHEN YOU RING the doorbell of a house in Madrid these days, the first thing you hear is wary steps coming down the hall, and then a hand cautiously slides open the peephole which all doors here are equipped with. Not until the person has recognized you are the heavy bolts drawn to let you in. "Please excuse all this," the person explains, "but I'm alone here."

If you are a foreigner whose knowledge of Madrid comes from your friends, or if you simply happen to have been away for several months, you will be amazed to see how the city and its inhabitants, as a rule so hospitable and trusting, have changed. I am going to tell you the reason for this so that you won't hastily criticize us.

I am sure you are not acquainted with Eciija Street. Plenty of the people living right here in Madrid don't know it. It is in the quiet district of Argüelles. Perhaps the name "Argüelles" will ring a bell in your memory, for during the Civil War it was in the front-line sector for a long time. All traces of shelling are now gone, and only a few steps away is the Paseo de Rosales, where gaffers sit, sun themselves, and roll their own, and children play while nursemaids and their soldier sweethearts court — "pluck the turkey," we call it. From Rosales the trees of the Pardo are visible, and on clear days, the blue, distant Sierra.

At 6 Eciija Street lived the owner of a small automobile repair shop, Don Rafael Caballero

Quiroga, with his wife, Doña Juana, and their grown son, Julio. This family, a model if ever there was one, should have gone on living in the same way for years, and nothing would ever have been written about them nor would you have heard their name.

But there came that particular afternoon of January 11, an afternoon seemingly like so many other afternoons.

It was getting dusk when Julio, the son, came home from work. Like every other day he let himself in with his key. He saw four pools of blood in the foyer.

For a moment Julio stood there paralyzed, and then trembling, alarmed, he stepped in. The hall, too, was stained with blood, and the terrible trail led to the dining-room and the body of his mother. Doña Juana lay soaked in blood, with three great wounds in her neck. Her throat had been cut.

At the horror-stricken cries of the son some of the neighbors came running in. It was a moment of confusion, everybody exclaiming and milling about.

The news spread like wildfire through the quiet neighborhood. When the police arrived there was a crowd of people at the door. Their remarks ran like this:

"Poor Doña Juana. She was so good."

"Who could the murderer be?"

"He ought to be lynched."

"I was just talking to her this morning at the market as we were buying vegetables. Who would ever have thought this!"

A path was opened for the stretcher-bearers carrying out the body covered with a white sheet.

The police immediately put the case into the hands of the famous Criminal Squad whose agents went to work at once. Not a clue was to be found in the house; just blood, nothing but blood.

The declarations of the dead woman's husband and son revealed that seventy thousand pesetas had disappeared, a gold watch and chain, and two fountain pens. The police learned that the victim never opened the door to anyone she did not know. Some of the neighbors testified that about the middle of the afternoon they had heard cries for help: "Friends, are you going to let me be killed?", and then the sound of a body falling. But as the cries were not repeated, they thought it was just one of the crime programs so popular on the radio today.

The doorman admitted that he had been away from his post

several times that afternoon. The police came to the conclusion that the murder had been committed about the middle of the afternoon by someone known to the family, with robbery as the motive. And on the basis of this hypothesis they went to work.

THE MADRID newspapers carried a full account of the crime. The whole city was stirred, for crimes of this sort are not frequent here. When a murder takes place in Madrid in most cases it is for one of two reasons, both due to the high temperature of the blood that runs in my countrymen's veins. One is jealousy, that wild, irrational passion — "I killed her because she was mine" — and in such cases the criminal gives himself up to the police, wanting to be punished, and lamenting for the rest of his life the death of the beloved.

The other cases of violent death are generally the result of an argument that grows hotter and hotter until, without any-

one's quite knowing how, a knife flashes and the fatal blow has been dealt. This type of criminal, too, is amazed and bewildered by his act, and explains it with: "It was my unlucky day."

Not even crimes of this sort are frequent. And a cold-blooded murder such as the one I have been telling you about occurs only once in a blue moon. For this reason the city was so stirred. People thought there was a murderer at large, and as happens with mass suggestion, it was not one, but thousands upon thousands of cold-blooded assassins lying in wait to ring the doorbell and kill some lonely, defenseless woman.

My mother, a wee, gentle little thing, would say angrily: "When I am by myself, I don't care who comes, I'm not opening the door." And she could not sleep at night until I was home.

The police kept up their search, without results. They questioned relatives, friends, neighbors, employes of the Caballero family, shopkeepers they

José Novais Tomé is a Madrileño (citizen of Madrid) which, he confesses, is a full time occupation, involving the fine art of killing time, pursuing beauty, and passionately loving his people and his country. Although only in his mid-twenties, he has already published two volumes of poetry, Nocturnos (1947) and Calle del Reloj (1950), and written numerous articles on Spanish art. Like so many young Spanish intellectuals, he lives with the certainty that to be a Spaniard is to have a dark secret in the soul.

traded with. Not the slightest clue.

For three days they kept at it. Questions, answers, running from one end of Madrid to the other, from its broad modern avenues to the winding narrow streets of old Madrid where Francis I had been held prisoner, and Philip — “the poet-king” — had strolled with his loves. Useless.

Meanwhile the city buzzed with conjectures. Other crimes which had never been solved were hashed over. In our impatience we forgot that only four days had elapsed since the murder. And as, basically, Madrid has the healthy psychology of a small town, there was a lot of gossip.

The police kept plugging away at anyone who might have had the slightest connection with the Caballero family.

Someone suggested the name of a man who had worked temporarily as a carwasher at Don Rafael's garage. He was so insignificant and his employment so irregular that he did not even belong to a union, and nobody had thought of him. He was a young fellow, known as Ramón Oliva Márquez, and nicknamed “El Monchito.”

With nothing else to go on, the police followed up this new lead. They began to uncover cir-

cumstances that brought him under suspicion. Ever since the day of Doña Juana's death “El Monchito” had been spending money like a drunken sailor, taking his girl to expensive places, buying her a fur coat and himself a fancy accordion that cost over three thousand pesetas.

“El Monchito” lived with his father in one of those tenement houses having a foul-smelling patio criss-crossed with clothes-lines, and through whose dingy halls scamper dirty, half-naked children. They rented a kind of hole-in-the-wall there. Taking advantage of their absence one day, the police searched the place. The result was rewarding. They found the things that had been stolen from the victim there, and more than fifty-one thousand pesetas in cash.

A little while later the criminal was arrested in his sweetheart's house. When he was taken into custody, she said:

“My Ramón has done nothing, he just found a pocket-book.” It seems this was how he had explained to her his sudden richness.

It was not long before “El Monchito” had confessed everything.

This was his story. He was tired of living a dog's life, never having a cent, and as he hated work and knew the Caballeros

had money, he decided to rob them. He found out from one of the children playing in the street that Doña Juana was alone in the house, and then and there he decided to put his plan into action. But when he asked Doña Juana for Don Rafael she told him he was not home, and did not let him in. He went away and came back in two hours, feigning great excitement: "I've got to see Don Rafael, it's something very important about the garage."

"He's not home," Doña Juana told him again.

"Then will you let me use the telephone, so I can see if he's at the café he goes to?" the murderer persisted.

So she let him in. Who wouldn't have done the same?

Once in the house, "El Monchito" pulled out a file — a tool he used in his work — and struck her twice. It was then that she cried out: "Friends, are you going to let me be killed?" and ran down the hall, leaving a trail of blood behind her.

The criminal, who had planned to kill her from the moment he set foot in the house, for it was the only way to keep his identity a secret, caught up with her in the dining-room. There was a brief struggle until Doña Juana, weakened by the loss of blood, collapsed on the floor. "El

Monchito" stabbed her three times with a butcher knife he found in the kitchen. Then he covered the body with a sack, and removed a saucepan of milk that was beginning to boil over. He searched, and to his amazed satisfaction discovered the seventy thousand pesetas.

Rolling up his blood-soaked overcoat around the knife with which he had committed the crime and around the stolen objects, he walked out to the street. The crisp cold air of the afternoon gave him an appetite, so he bought and ate a sandwich, and then calmly went home as though nothing had happened.

"El Monchito" is in jail awaiting trial. There is little likelihood that he will escape the death penalty. Perhaps in his heart he is asking God's forgiveness. But his shadow, the atmosphere he has created, lingers on. I know this will pass. The people of Madrid are by nature easy-going, kindly, friendly, warm. They quickly forget the unpleasant. Something, perhaps this boundless sky of our high plains in which the glittering stars are so white they seem blue, will restore confidence to this city where nobody ever feels himself a stranger.

But now that you know this grim story of "El Monchito" it will not surprise you that, for

the time being, the lady of the house in Madrid bolts her doors.

THE OTHER NIGHT I was at the Varela Café. It's one of those rare old cafés that can still be found in Madrid.

Time seems to have come to a stop there. Everything bears the stamp of the early 1900's — marble-topped tables, wall seats covered with a velvet that in its day was red; huge mirrors that reflect the water goblets and the first-class chocolate they serve there. All very comfortable, very charming.

A four-piece orchestra plays selections from romantic operas or musical comedies that were hits fifty years ago; lovers, generally students or working people, listen to the music while they hold hands. Old folks who have to stretch their pensions to get by indulge their hunger for sweets with little cakes. One of those gentlemen who, like the *hidalgos* of bygone days, still wears a cape — gold, old-fashioned broadcloths — sits at a table without moving, watching the hours expire. An old waiter talks to us about Antonio Machado, the greatest, or at least one of the greatest Spanish poets of this century, and his *tertulia* — the café salon — and of that of the incorrigible Bohemian, the bard of a Madrid of

cloak and dagger, Emilio Carrere.

I was there the other night in connection with poets and poetry. I have a weakness for poetry and occasionally, in an idle moment, I write verses; however, I don't want to bore you with my personal affairs, but to tell you about the entertaining things happening at the Varela.

In Madrid, as in all Spain, there are poets all over the place. Not since our Golden Age have we had such an abundant, flourishing crop. You know how everybody who writes poems itches to read them to someone or to shove them into the hands of the first person who crosses his path. In Madrid there is no market for poetry. Not a single publisher is willing to take on a book of verses.

"These are not the times for poetry," they growl. "Bring me something on economics or life in Hollywood. That's what sells."

And the poor poet slinks away, his virgin manuscript in his pocket.

But now the poets have found a way to bring their work to the public, and a very simple and pleasant way it is. They give public recitals in the cafés. So you can understand how this idea could catch on the way it

has, with people coming in droves to listen to poetry, despite the fact that there is no market for verse in Madrid.

When the people heard about the poets' idea, they said: "What do you say we go and listen to them? We can kill a little time that way." Of course, this idea of "killing time" as a design for living is in sharp contrast to your American concept, based on the premise that "Time is money." There is no length to which a Spaniard will not go to kill time.

But getting back to the poets. It goes without saying that today there are many cafés which have their afternoon and evening "poetry" sessions. The result is that business has picked up for the proprietors of these establishments, and the poets have the satisfaction of an audience. Moreover, to recite in one of these cafés, all you have to do is make your wish known, and, aside from whatever artistic value the performance may have, in itself the action is most entertaining.

As poetry knows neither rank nor age, on the same program there will be readings by a distinguished university professor, a well-known journalist, as well as some beardless youth whose inspiration comes from a pair of dark, dark eyes. The recitals be-

gin about midnight — we are terrible nighthawks here, and even the most respectable matron doesn't turn in before one or two in the morning. But we have to get to the café early if we want to find a seat. It is a completely heterogeneous public: the long-haired pseudo-existentialist, the curious student, a bored passer-by, a romantic office-boy, even the shopkeeper who, after closing up, comes in to enjoy an hour of well-earned relaxation.

Truly, if, as the poets say, poetry is intended for everyone, for Humanity at large, no poet ever dreamed of a more varied, open-minded public, free from all prejudice, than this.

And the poetic modes are as different as the authors. The four main trends of present-day poetry are clearly reflected: the neo-classicists with their well-turned sonnets; the shoddy imitators of Garcia Lorca, with their ballads of Andalusian local color designed for export, pulling all the tragic, romantic stops which, it must be admitted, are the ones the public likes best; the serene souls who, like Antonio Machado, sing of the broad plains of Castile and its deep, slow-moving rivers; and, now and again, the surrealists, the dadaists and the exponents of other "isms" made in Paris.

Just last night I heard one of them recite this poem:

Millions of passersby tread on her lips,
Unaware of the pity that throbs
In flowers nourished
On the empty eye-sockets of the
lakes of mice.

These, as a rule, are not too well received. One old woman crossed herself as she listened and muttered:

"Good Lord! The things that young man says! He must be inspired by the Devil."

This will give you a rough idea of the democratic process that is taking place in poetry.

It is the first time there has really been a direct contact here between the poet and the people.

What will come of all this? Who knows . . . Maybe the Spanish poet is going to become a kind of medieval street-singer whom people will pay to hear his verses; perhaps people will develop a taste for good poetry.

It may very well be that nothing will come of all this, but it is pleasant to set down the fact that here in Madrid, which is daily growing more cosmopolitan and more impersonal, there are still places where people foregather simply to hear a poet recite his verses.

(Translated by Harriet de Onis, who also translated the "Letter from Buenos Aires" in the April issue of this magazine.)

A Letter from London

ANGUS WILSON

THE LAST MONTH has been a strange one. No month, perhaps, seems so much to face two ways. In shop windows and street barrows alike spring flowers of all kinds — some of them actually grown in the West of England — announce colorfully the approach of brighter days — glad tidings, let me hasten to say, which are only offered at an

astronomical price. What has been a long, cold, and depressing winter has come to an end. Influenza, though less of it, is still with us, but then so are old Auntie Eva and Granny, and we may reflect, perhaps with mixed feelings, that the Great Harvester has spared them for at least another year. Many a "veteran actress" or "statesman hon-

orable with years," as our obituary notices like to have it, has stepped out too soon and paid the price. So Granny must still be careful, and Auntie Eva must still "wrap up."

In general, however, we are now beginning to breathe more relaxedly and think about spring and summer. The family holiday at the seaside or the trip abroad comes up for discussion. This year, in England, as all over the world, things aren't quite like that. Swinburne's somewhat grandiose line "the hounds of spring are on winter's traces" has a nasty echo of Shakespeare's "Cry havoc, and unleash the dogs of war." It is not just a pious platitude to remark that it is a far calmer, more resolute mood than that of 1937 or 1938, but inevitably there is a hard core of anxiety within the new grown shell of seriousness and determination.

In 1938 and 1939 fake astrologers flourished everywhere. Their predictions of peace round the corner and death for Hitler in the autumn months were as much best sellers with the sophisticated and influential as with the credulous. It is a healthy sign, I think, that they are not to be seen today. But city dwellers mostly have a sub-life of superstition to fill the spiritual void of material progress and in

times of stress, like today, it tends to break through routine competence. One notices a lot of people mentally "touching wood." The old platitudes about "Spring in the air" or "the first really summery day" tend to get frozen on the lips. The more fortunate at the office are less quick to cap the poor family man's plans for taking the wife and children to the seaside with talk of Cannes or the Italian lakes.

But this double-edged approach to spring is not British news only, it is news we all have in common. I thought, however, that I must sketch it in, for it is the background to life here as elsewhere, the unpleasant background that makes a seasoned hostess forget sometimes the name of a guest or the up-and-coming young salesman go past his destination in the bus. Meanwhile we still have peace of a sort. A daily life still proceeds which is typically English.

Our newspapers have shrunk almost to the size of the broadsheets which carried the news of the pitched battles of our Civil War three centuries ago. It is reasonable to suspect, therefore, that whatever news they report outside the Korean war, and the Atlantic Pact, and millions for defense, must be peculiarly English in its appeal. I have noted

three dominating themes — sport, of course, cricket and football; questions concerning the legitimacy or illegitimacy of heirs to earldoms; kindness, often rather eccentric and ill-placed kindness, to animals. I cannot think of three subjects more likely to delight thousands of my fellow citizens.

ABOUT CRICKET and football — I don't intend to write. I am not a sportsman. My childhood, if I look back in gloomy mood, seems to have been spent in hour-long boredom on the cricket field, failing to catch the catch of the season when it came my way.

But about heirs to earldoms, legitimate or illegitimate, I would like to say a few words. The newspapers have recently carried fairly full reports of a case in which Mr. Toby Fitz-

william, a sixty-three-year-old gentleman of leisure, is claiming to be the heir presumptive to the Earldom of Fitzwilliam. His forty-six-year-old brother, Captain Tom Fitzwilliam, is the acknowledged heir, but elder brother Toby, previously regarded as born out of wedlock, now claims that his parents were secretly married in Scotland and that hence he is the legitimate heir. It is of all cases the kind that most fascinates the British public. The details are very involved; most of the events under dispute took place in the late 1880's, and a good deal of the evidence consists of family quarrels. When I add that the mother of the two disputants, the lady whose secret Scottish marriage in 1886 is under question, was not only an actress, but that special sort of musical comedy actress whose marriage to the peerage so delighted our grandfathers — a "Gaiety" girl, an early precursor of the American "Ziegfield" girl — it is not difficult to see how it fits into the traditional "peep into high life."

To cap the Fitzwilliam case, another middle-aged gentleman last week interrupted the fashionable marriage service of a young baronet to declare himself the true heir to the title. The smartness of the occasion may

Angus Wilson's diabolical short stories about the British upper middle class have caused quite a bit of commotion in both Great Britain and the United States. When The Wrong Set, his first book, came out here last year, Edmund Wilson wrote in The New Yorker: "After Evelyn Waugh, what? For anyone who has asked the question, the answer is Angus Wilson. . . . The impression he makes is formidable." Angus Wilson for years has been quietly employed as a librarian in the British Museum.

be inferred from the fact that the officiating clergyman was the Archbishop of York himself. The protest, however, was made with truly quiet English dignity, for, when the Archbishop asked if anyone present could show just cause, etc., the claimant merely stepped up to the altar and in clear tones said, "I can," after which the marriage duly proceeded to its end.

In asking myself why the English public should still delight in news items so totally embedded in a social system to which we have long said goodbye, I have been reminded of a very remarkable woman in whose village home I was billeted during the war. This elderly woman was a typical member of the British lower middle classes, a gardener's widow; more intelligent, perhaps, than many of the other village women, courageous, hiding her kindness behind a sharp tongue. During the darkest days of the war, with no news of her only son who had fallen into Japanese hands at Singapore, she cooked and worked for her small household, served at a local canteen, and nursed the old and sick of the village. Her only relaxation was reading what she called "mystery stories." These were not, as one might imagine, modern detective stories, but novels of the popular Victorian

writer, Mrs. Henry Wood.

The "mystery" so loved was not that of murder, but of missing heirs to dukedoms, disputed wills to large estates, barons born the "wrong side of the blanket." It would be easy to explain such an absorption as snobbery, but no one could have felt class differences less. As a devout Chapel-goer she had the traditional Nonconformist Radical contempt for the upper classes. As a total abstainer she had little doubt that Demon Drink would bring them to the end they deserved. The fact was that, for her, peers of the realm and titled ladies were a special sort of animal, strange and unpredictable, leading a peculiar life. She was far too commonsensical to have believed in the extraordinary melodramas she read if they had dealt with "ordinary folk," but with such curiosities as titled people anything and every thing was perfectly credible. It is this view of the aristocracy as a sort of special English zoological gardens of strange creatures which, I believe, still predominates among vast numbers of middle and working class English people even in the new social system of today, and gives the long buried family squabbles of the Fitzwilliams and others a special allure.

IF THE egalitarianism of modern England has given the fairy story that hangs round coronets a new lease of life, the Machiavellian morality and the disregard for human suffering of the modern world have strengthened the traditional English concern with the humane treatment of animals. Most Englishmen today are aware of the ridicule that their love of "pets" often incites abroad, of the lack of sense of proportion it suggests in a world of brutality towards human beings, but it is a traditional behavior, and its obstinate emphasis is an assertion, however ridiculous, of basic values. The past week has given us a peculiarly satisfactory story, for it concerns both a baronet and a collection of tame mice. Moreover, it makes a happy illustration of the curious social conditions of modern England.

The chatelaine of a Scottish castle, whom modern economy and the housing shortage had induced to let off her castle in apartments, asked for a Court order to evict one of her tenants — an impoverished baronet. The indigent circumstances of this gentleman and his family were underlined by the complaints of other tenants that Lady Knill frequently came to beg food for herself and her children. A further source of complaint, how-

ever, lay in the fact that the baronet housed in his single room not only his wife and children, but a bitch with a litter of puppies, and a considerable, presumably increasing, number of tame rabbits and mice. I have no doubt that a large number of newspaper readers whose hearts were untouched by the poverty of the titled family, attributing it to improvidence or an inability to adapt themselves to changed social circumstances, were won over by the baronet's touching determination not to be parted from his mice.

It is, however, officially recognized today that kindness to our dumb friends may be hasty or ill-judged. During the winter months a fifteen-year-old boy appeared before the juvenile court more than once on a charge of removing valuable birds from the Zoological Gardens. Rare pheasants and geese had several times mysteriously disappeared from captivity. It was eventually found that this schoolboy had cut through the wires and effected their rescue under cover of night. His motives were entirely humane, but unfortunately the birds did not easily adapt themselves to freedom and died. As the magistrates said, on handing him over for psychiatric treatment, "You must try to think less about birds."

Schoolboys are not always so sensitive, however, as was shown last week when a crowd of them ill-treated some hundreds of tortoises, which had been dumped in a rubbish heap by a disappointed tortoise vendor. The prompt action of two schoolgirls, however, who telephoned to the police, saved some hundreds of these creatures from a brutal death. Bravo, Elspeth! Jolly good, Monica! One can almost hear the hearty ring of the games mistress's voice the next morning. It is to be hoped that the girls were made members of the lacrosse team on the spot.

Too frequently animals do not seem to recognize the kindnesses done to them, for a few days later a policeman who rescued a crested grebe — a most rare bird in our island — was rewarded by a savage peck. Perhaps the schoolgirls chose their tortoises wisely.

An American woman friend was frankly bewildered by the English animal mania recently. Some English neighbors of hers in the country had been burgled at night and complained that none of their "thirty dogs had barked in warning." "No one," said my American friend, "seemed surprised that they kept thirty dogs." I told this story to an Englishman. "Well, of course," he explained to me, "so many

American city dwellers know nothing of life in the country."

I HAVE DWELT a little on what may seem the lunatic fringe in order to suggest that English individualism, even eccentricity, still flourishes in our welfare state. Now perhaps I should say something to show that English cultural life, too, is still vigorous under the new social system. The situation here is very interesting. Many artists and intellectuals feel that concern with material prosperity has meant a decline in creative activity. Some complain that the private patron has been taxed out of existence, and no substitute has been provided to finance the arts. This is not, of course, entirely true; much government money has been made available to encourage music and painting, though little official support has been given to literature. Personally, I think, that this is all to the good. More support would inevitably lead to interference and limitation of freedom of expression. Nor do I think that it is by any means unhealthy that the greater percentage of young writers have, like myself, to pursue a routine job in some other sphere of life. What is usually forgotten in these complaints is that improved material conditions and

education are producing a constantly growing new public who are eager for serious entertainment. The gap between all but a few of our best writers and this new public is still large. But in music and painting, where expression is more generalized and social background less pervasive, contact has been made and both these arts are more alive in England than at any moment in the last two centuries. The taste of this new public is still somewhat naive, often sadly indiscriminating, but it is a public which is largely unprejudiced and very anxious to increase its range of appreciation.

The success and popularity of ballet in England no longer needs any comment, but operas at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells draw capacity audiences every night. Unfortunately the performances, in particular the standard of singing, is by no means uniformly good, and many older music lovers, determined on continental standards, prefer not to attend. Nevertheless the new audiences, a considerable number of whom first heard opera as soldiers in Italy, are growing more critical, and the standard will inevitably improve.

I have attended three performances at Covent Garden this month — a first rate *Rosenkavalier*, a reasonably good *Rigoletto*, and a very poor *Figaro*. There was less criticism of the mangling of Mozart than I would have liked to hear. "So much for your new audiences," said my companion, who likes to recall the glory of Lehmann or Galli-Curci in a loud voice. A few nights later, I saw him at the first night of Menotti's *The Consul*, a smart occasion where the intelligentsia met with café society. *The Consul*, of course, is a moving play; it is difficult to see how this "Iron Curtain" theme could be otherwise; but it is, I think, considerably marred by moments of pretentious expressionism, and the music, though excellently performed, is largely, as most critics agreed, Puccini and cinema. My friend, however, would listen to no criticism.

"A deeply moving experience," he said, "most impressive," and his eye, I noticed, traveled from the box in which Sir Laurence Olivier sat to the stall containing the playwright, Mr. Terence Rattigan. There are other causes for failure of discrimination besides naïveté.

FOR THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP:

BLOOD WEDDING IN CHICAGO

ROBERT LOWRY

HUNH! HUNH!" Bang Bang breathed. "Hunh! Hunh! Hunh!"

Bang Bang hit the heavy bag. Hard. Flashing much enthusiasm with both hands, hooking that heavy bag, straightening it out, dancing around it. And lashing out flirtatiously with big bright attractive eyes at whoever was looking on.

At George Gainford, that is, who stood with casual arrogance off to one side and caught the performance on the bias. Before Bang Bang might decide to raise his right hand in triumph as Heavy-bag Champion of the World, George Gainford said: "What you tryin to do there, Bang Bang? You ain't got no knockout punch yet."

A door closed and Soldier Jones came in out of the cold, his shoulders wet with New Jersey snowflakes, his big flat feet, a little pigeon-toed, moving sure and direct not toward an opponent, the way they had moved across a hundred rings fifteen years ago, but toward the spaceheater. He felt the spaceheater and was satisfied.

"Cold out there," Soldier Jones said, shuffling over and picking up a rag and putting it on the shelf behind the spaceheater. More softly, like an echo, he repeated, "Cold out there," and at that moment noticed us.

"What you boys standing up for? They's chairs."

On the other side of the ring, by the window that looked out

on the road that came winding up the cold mountain, Bang Bang was tapping the light bag, with the persistence of a hungry woodpecker, but George Gainford wasn't watching now. He was leaning over, using a handkerchief to improve the shine on his shoes.

"We've been driving for about an hour," Yogi said to Soldier Jones. "So we've just *been* sitting down."

I sat down because somebody I didn't know had invited me to. Soldier Jones sat down too, planting those big feet far apart in front of him. Soldier Jones knew how to be comfortable.

"From New York?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"Where bouts you live?"

Yogi, my impassioned boxing guide, told him where he lived: midtown, Sixth Avenue near 56th Street; but Soldier Jones had trouble getting it straight. He frowned slightly and couldn't quite place it. "That's below Central Park," Yogi said. "West Side."

"Oh . . . yeah," Soldier Jones said. "That must be *down*-town. . . . You boys fighters, ain't you?"

It was a piece of straight-faced flattery that Soldier Jones knew how to hand out: he had us cornered while we admitted we weren't fighters, and Yogi

broke clean with a question: "Is this his first day for sparring?"

"First day," Soldier Jones said. "He'll be along soon."

"What's his weight?" Yogi asked, still standing; a slender twist of charged wire, unable to relax, his eyes in that small neat head the kind of bright, glittering eyes that hunting birds have.

"Weights about fifty-six," said Soldier Jones, who knew how to relax. "That's his *good* weight. Have no trouble makin weight. He'll leave that to the *other* man to worry about."

He got up, eased his bulk through the ropes, and walked, bending slightly, across the sparring ring. "Leave the *other* man worry bout that," he said to nobody in particular as he climbed through the other side and began straightening up a few things on the rubdown table.

Now a bigger boy than Bang Bang, and lighter-complexioned — a middle-weight with a neckless head buried between the broadest shoulders on the Eastern Seaboard — came in, changed into trunks, and began shadow-boxing around the ring. "Hunh! Hunh!" breathed this big boy, hitting shadows. Bang Bang came into the ring with him. "Hunh! Hunh!" breathed

Bang Bang. They danced parallel to each other, from side to side of the ring, the big boy uninterested in everything except the terrible shadow he was beating back, but Bang Bang shooting glances at us, his pleasant young face pleased with whatever audience was around. (Could be the sports writers up from New York, looking him over, finding out he looked almost as good as the champ, putting it in the paper that way.)

JUNE THE TRAINER ambled in wearing a sweater — a slender Negro neither young nor old whose deep-furrowed face had been molded through thirty or forty years by the play of a tough and ironic intelligence. Like Soldier Jones he said, "Make yourselves comfortable. He'll be along soon."

"Who'll he spar with today?" Yogi asked.

June rolled with the question out of an old racial habit. "He don't have any *regular* sparring partners — he don't *hire* people to box with him. You go round hiring people and then they turn out to be the wrong ones, like you go in a store and buy something and then get it home and it's not what you want after all. So he spars with whoever is around the camp, like Bang Bang over there. Or maybe

some fellow comes up for a visit and he looks kind of good to us, we'd say" — and he pointed right at me — "we'd say, hey, you, you put on the gloves and go in there with him."

"I'd be glad to do it," I said, "except I'm paralyzed on both sides and my head hurts."

"All I mean is," June went on without losing his thought, "there ain't any *official* way we got for sparring partners."

Yogi said there was certainly a lot of difference between this place and Pompton Lakes — the size and so on.

"Well, the camp at Pompton is for the public, kind of for show. This here's just *his*. We ain't training for the public here. We're training for the man in the ring."

We watched him slip through the ropes on his way over to the gym part of the cabin, and now, though all the bustle of Bang Bang and the wide boy and Soldier Jones and George Gainford and June continued, there was above everything a quiet expectancy, as if all this was only a little incidental activity to fill up time until the main event started.

Then he came in, from the cabin he used as living quarters next door, without a sound — looking, to anyone who had ever seen him in newsreel shots

or on television or in photographs, very small, unmuscular, maybe because here he wore clothes (a yachting cap on the back of his round head, a small tight-fitting windbreaker) and in his official appearances he wore almost nothing at all. He was twenty-nine years old, weighed 156 pounds, stood five feet eleven, had a reach of $72\frac{1}{2}$ inches, an unexpanded chest of $36\frac{1}{2}$ inches, an expanded chest of 38 inches, a waist $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches around, thighs $19\frac{3}{4}$ inches, calves $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, biceps $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches, forearms $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches, neck 15 inches. He wore all these measurements, which added up to a very graceful, very fast and very powerful man, with an easy, unaltered modesty. His heavy mouth, turned up faintly at the corners, gave his oval face a slightly sardonic look. But his dark eyes, made long and narrow by high cheekbones, were set in dead-focus on whatever was in front of him.

They were the kind of eyes that some men gain in moments of vision or in the grip of a powerful but passing emotion or through the use of drugs, but that this man had all the time, probably as the result of a tempered, street-corner shrewdness and a super-normal latent energy that he could call on when he had to. His face was

smooth and unscarred. He stood there, swaybacked, nonchalant, unattached — like some passerby who had heard all the boxing going on in here and had come in out of the cold to see who was doing it. Actually he was the camp's owner, the camp's star, and the only reason the camp had for its existence. His name was Ray Robinson, called Sugar by the people who don't know him and Ray by those who do. He was the welter-weight boxing champion of the world.

"Hey, Yogi! Where you been, man? I ain't seen you for a long time," he asked with just a flick of his eyes.

Yogi told him we'd come up from New York to see him train.

"Ain't you a little thinner than when I saw you last time, Yogi?"

Yogi thought not.

"Yes you are — you're getting thin, Yogi."

"No, as a matter of fact I'm probably heavier."

"Heavier — yeah, well that's what I mean. Did I say thinner? I guess I really meant heavier."

A faint, fast smile lit his face — this was his own special brand of kidding, in the style of his boxing.

"Guess I'll go over and change clothes."

He climbed through the ropes of the ring that was empty now, and when he got to the other side he turned and smiling, said, "Come on over."

We went over, two men too many in the small space of the gym. He took off his clothes and Soldier Jones got out the sweating cream and began rubbing it on Ray's belly, near his groin.

"What are you doing there, man? I don't want to lose weight down there. Here, gimme that stuff." He took the salve away from Soldier and began applying it himself.

"How'd you like Paris, Ray?" asked Yogi.

"I could take some more of that Paris," Ray said. "I can't wait to get over there again. You'd be crazy about it."

"Did you get around to the nightclubs?"

"Man, I didn't go to the nightclubs, the nightclubs came to me."

"My brother's in Paris," Yogi said. "I told him to look you up, but he had a little trouble getting in touch with you."

"Don't send any men around to see me when I'm in Paris," Ray said, watching June tape his right hand. "When I'm in Paris I'm not interested in men."

He moved out, in ten-ounce gloves and jockstrop and trunks and socks and gymshoes, to the heavy bag. He worked on ring time, hitting the bag three minutes, resting when George Gainford rang the bell, hitting the bag again three minutes, resting, moving on to the light bag, resting, hitting, resting, stooping into the ring to shadow-box — Bang Bang and the wide boy with him. Now the three of them moved on parallel lines across the ring ("Hunh! Hunh! Hunh!") and back again ("Hunh! Hunh! Hunh!") in a fantastic ritual dance that removed these three naked men from the drab, scuffed surroundings and placed them in some new dimension of space and experience where the reach in inches of a left plus the cubic displacement of air of a right became the official currency, the means of survival; the moral law.

The bell halted them in their tracks, but they did not talk or look at one another; they continued to move their heads and shoulders and arms restlessly, each man completely separate and alone in his battle with a phantom that any day or week now would turn into hard flesh and angry blood and come jabbing, hooking, weaving in.

The bell started them forward

again as a shine of sweat highlighted their three faces. Only Bang Bang found time to roll his eyes outward beyond the ropes that bound their world. The wide boy crouched and plunged and reached with sweeping punches that bruised the air. Ray boxed upright, his right held almost perpendicularly in front of his chin, his left singing out like a long cruel whip. In their very separateness and determination they seemed laced together into a single unit that hardly brushed the canvas as it worked its way from one set of ropes to the other and back again and back again — a unit that extended by a long throbbing artery down through several million years of history to the first man's first fear.

Outfitted with headgear, Ray sparred with the wide boy now. The wide boy never jabbed but, crouched low, came at him with hopeful barrelhouse rights and left hooks. Ray moved delicately from side to side and backward, blocking the blows and feeding in the sharp straight left — a toedancer with flesh that melted to nothing under a punch and resolidified immediately a few inches away. Toward the end of the session he stopped evading and moved in on his man, chattering with his left and bringing the right

down savagely and then hooking not once but twice with his left before his man could get away.

Later, tossing the medicine ball hard against George Gainford's mild paunch and taking it from Gainford very hard against his own flat belly, he said, "I was a little glove shy today."

The wide boy was wiping himself with a towel, his eyes blurry. "Man, what did you say you were? My head don't feel like you were glove shy."

Everybody laughed and the wide boy, his face bruised, laughed too. Still stopping and starting with the bell which rang insistently at three-minute intervals, Ray began to skip, holding the two ends of the skipping rope in his right hand and then transferring it to his left without missing a beat and then to his right and to his left again; then holding an end of the rope in each hand and skipping in perfect reflex to the fast tapping of the rope on the floor — June looking on with absolute concentrated interest.

We said so long to him as he lay on the rubdown table, breathing easily, his face once more composed in a look that was at the same time dead-certain and half-amused at its own certainty.

"You come up next week, then," Ray said.

Stepping outside into the whirling snow, we bumped into Soldier Jones. "You come up again," Soldier Jones echoed. "You'll see more if you come up in a week or so, when he's further along in the training."

By the door of the other cabin, where Ray and Bang Bang and the wide boy and June and George Gainford and Soldier Jones all lived during these months of isolation before Ray's big fight, two men were struggling with a huge television aerial. Soon it would be perched on top of the living quarters, a tall reminder of all the long, dedicated days and nights there were still to get through here on this mountainside before Ray finally went out to Chicago.

NOBODY MENTIONED LaMotta," I said, turning the Ford around, and heading down the drive past a little marker that named the place *Cabin in the Sky*.

"But his ears are probably burning," Yogi said. "Everybody there was thinking about him all the time. Did you notice how Ray's sparring partner was imitating LaMotta's style?"

"LaMotta had better be better than that," I said. "Maybe we ought to look in on him."

"It's not much fun," Yogi said. "It's grim. I don't like white training camps."

But I talked him around, and four days later we took a cab uptown to a sooty Bronx street-corner bounded on one side by the El and on the other by a newspaper kiosk and a lot of traffic. A door said GLEASON'S GYM — COME IN & LEARN HOW TO BOX. We climbed the stairs. At the top a bored-looking man wearing a brown felt hat relieved us of fifteen cents apiece.

There was already a crowd, sitting on undertaker's chairs rowed up on two sides of an elevated ring where nobody was boxing. They were high-school hoods and closed-down bookies and old men with fifteen cents to spend and ex-pugs and admirers of a certain glum, plodding brand of East Side, Jewish-Italian-American minority courage. Everybody looked very glum and very plodding. Jacob LaMotta, middleweight boxing champion of the entire world, was nowhere to be seen, but a man who should have been able to beat him, a poker-faced, light heavyweight gorilla with deep corrugations at the nape of his neck and no back to his head, was working out on the heavy bag in front of us. Maybe not, though — his punch looked good, with a big body and big

arms behind it, but he moved very slowly and his reflexes, as he circled the bag, looked sluggish.

When a nose has been broken and spread and rebroken and respread, and when the brows have been flattened by a thousand blows and pasted over with a thick layer of scar tissue, and the cheekbones and mouth and ears and jaw have all been slightly distorted from having been available to too many punches through a dozen years of prizefighting — a man's face is apt to take on a sad, rather sincere look that it would never have taken on if it had been allowed to grow old in a less brutal way.

This melancholy face, which was the face that Jake LaMotta carried with him in the ring or in training or merely when sitting across the breakfast table from his spectacular blonde wife, was actually a handsome, prideful monument to what the middleweight champion could do best: take a punch, take a lot of punches, and keep plowing in; and often win because he kept plowing in strong, and ordinary punches could not stop him. He was exceptionally proud of the fact that in ninety-five professional fights since 1941 he had never been knocked off his feet. He had been beaten,

of course — thirteen times on points and once by technical knockout — but never floored. And since a man must pride himself on what he can do and not on what he cannot do, this was Jake LaMotta's pride, this vertical position which he managed to assume at all times in the ring.

It could not be Ray Robinson's pride because he had been knocked off his feet on a few occasions, once during the five bouts he had fought with LaMotta between 1942 and 1945, before either had become a champion. But even so, Ray had won four of those five fights by decision, and lost one by decision, and, out of 127 pro fights in a career which in time-span almost exactly paralleled LaMotta's, had been beaten only once — that one time by LaMotta. All this is important to know to be able to judge the precise value, in terms of pride and in terms of winning boxing bouts, of a face like Jake LaMotta's.

WEARING THIS sad, flat face above a short, hairy, powerful, olive-skinned body, the middleweight champion came out of the dressing room on the far side of Gleason's Gym and climbed up into the ring. He shadow-boxed — a hard, com-

pact rock of a man, the muscles in his barrel chest and wide shoulders and short, bulging arms covered over with a thick layer of tissue that was the padding with which he absorbed blows and withstood them. His footwork was elemental, a mere hopping from foot to foot; he stayed close to the ground, his head and chest turtled in, and moved forward with short, mean bodyblows, ten at a time in rapid succession, snorting furiously through that big bent nose of his as he grimly murdered nobody against the ropes.

Now the boy he was going to spar with climbed into the ring after him and began to shadow-box too. This boy, a pale colored boy, was tall, limber and a little gawky. He towered above LaMotta, not only because he was three or four inches taller than LaMotta's five feet seven, but also because he fought upright. When a bell rang they began to spar, the colored boy imitating Ray's style. Everything that LaMotta hoped would come true when he went to Chicago to defend his title was acted out before our eyes. LaMotta bored grimly in, torpedoing his tall opponent who wanted to box and blasting him to pieces before he could even get set to throw a punch. Working in close on the body,

he continually threw sharp, stunning uppercuts — most of them here only phoney ones which by intention fell inches short of the tall boy's chin, as if LaMotta understood completely that these blows from his gloves were more than any man should be expected to take unless he were getting twenty or thirty grand for doing it.

As we climbed the El steps on our way to neutralize that three-buck cabfare with a cheap trip back downtown, Yogi, white and tense and bored as he always was after he had been in the presence of something or someone he disliked or disapproved of, asked, "What do you think?"

"He looks like a strong, mean man," I said. "The pleasure is all Ray's."

YOU MIND IF I stop and get my wife a box of candy here at this store?" the cab driver asked me when he pulled up for a light. "It's curtains if I don't come home with something tonight. Valentine's Day."

"We'll never make it," I said. "It's 8:25 and look at this traffic. Why don't you get it coming back?"

He got away on the yellow. "Okay," he said, "You're the boss. I've been trying to get it

for the last hour but nobody'll let me."

"You ought to knock off anyhow after you get me there and watch the fight in a bar," I told him. "This one will be something to see."

"I got enough fights at home," the cab driver said. "I don't need to watch nobody else's fights."

What I saw out the windshield was a double line of cars that extended farther than you could see down the long avenue that ran from Chicago's Loop to the Stadium. A promised piece of high-priced violence in a roped-off, twenty-by-twenty-foot area of canvas was paying off tonight.

The cars honked and brayed and the beefy Windy City cops were everywhere. Chicago was a good spot to stage the kind of organized violence we all were out for. Walking around this afternoon after getting off the train and checking into a Loop hotel, I'd seen that for all that had happened to the rest of the world in the last ten or fifteen years, Chicago really hadn't changed much. There was still a raw, drab depression squalor about the dingy bars and four-bit burlesque houses and vacant stores and boarded-up buildings along South State and South Wabash. It was true that the

stagger-bums hit you for a quarter now instead of a dime; but the breath smelled the same and the eyes were no more in focus and the big dirty hand held on as tightly as ever. In the mammoth-columned granite architecture of the banks and commercial buildings around the Board of Trade, there was an overpowering, gold-lettered arrogance that you seldom saw in Eastern buildings; an arrogance stemming from the same small seed of inferiority before the older East that sent shoots into every area of Chicago's social and intellectual life.

Any newspaper obit-writer who had never been east of Lake Shore Drive could tell you what a bunch of gold-plated phoneys they were back there in New York or Boston; any housewife had a civic pride that swelled like a bull's hump at mere mention of Chicago housing projects or Chicago parks. Beneath this tough crust of arrogance, the same restless urge toward violence that marks most of America's big inland cities bubbled and boiled. So it was a good place to stage a fight. It was a good place for Ray Robinson to fight Jake LaMotta for the Middleweight Boxing Championship of the World.

"I'd better get out," I said.

"It's 8:30 and we're not moving."

"You got a big walk ahead of you, buddy."

I put some money in his hand. "I wouldn't want to miss this," I said, and hit out down the avenue past block after block of creeping cars; past one scalper after another begging to buy fight tickets; past program hawkers, newspaper boys, and hundreds of people who were not selling anything or going anywhere but had been drawn here to the streets around the Stadium by the attractive thought of the battle that would take place inside. Something that looked like a full-scale riot was swarming around the Stadium's doors. But I elbowed my way through, had my twenty-buck ticket torn by the doorman, and hightailed it toward my entrance.

NO DICE. Thirty or forty of us heard from the usher blocking the steps that the single prelim that preceded the main bout had already started and nobody could be seated until it was over. I edged my way up the steps and got to the top just in time to hear that drawn out *awwwwwwwwww* from the crowd that means pain to someone, and to see Bang Bang hit the canvas flat on his face, his big

bright eyes rolled up into his head, his fight over and done with.

Now, while his seconds helped Bang Bang to his corner, and the announcer crooned: "... in twooooo minutes and fiiiive seconds of the fifth roooooouuuund..." and Bang Bang's conqueror stood by the announcer's elbow, waiting to have his hand raised, I scrambled for my seat and sat down on it. An organ was playing a tune that echoed back and forth into a mash of sounds in the mammoth, noisy, smoky cavern of the Stadium.

All the people you always see at fights were here, except that tonight there were more of them. Instead of two or three platinum and peroxide blondes in seven-and-a-half-inch heels, I counted eighteen — all with chins held high and lashes lowered to half-mast. Gorgeous Negro women all around me offset the blondes with a beauty that most white people have no idea exists, since in their isolation they deal only with Negro girls not pretty enough to do something better than vacuum rugs and scrub pots in a white woman's house. This sweep of faces in the great bowl of the Stadium made a black-and-white, checkerboard pattern; a pattern that added a

colorful border of latent violence to the square patch of brilliantly lit canvas which it surrounded.

The ring was empty now, and empty it had the same meager look of over-inflated importance that a battlefield has after one battle has ended and before another has begun. On the canvas near the center of the ring was a faint, fresh smear of Bang Bang's blood.

The lights across the stadium went out. The organ stopped. Only the ring, small and deserted over there, still gleamed. Fifteen thousand people cannot be completely silent, but when they try to be it is an awesome thing. They tried to be now, as two long poles of light, spotted from somewhere near the ceiling, suddenly sprang down, felt their way hesitantly back and forth across the audience a few times, then crossed, in gigantic, accidental symbol of the suffering that was about to take place here, and came to rest on doors at opposite ends of the stadium.

The doors opened, almost simultaneously. From each emerged a champion.

Preceded and followed by a long train of manager and trainer and doctor and handlers and friends. As the two groups moved with painful slowness

toward the ring and toward each other, a low, thrilled rumble of passion greeted them. The white hood covering each fighter's head somehow suggested that these two grave processions were the components of a strange wedding soon to be solemnized. And perhaps a wedding would have the same powerful attraction if the audience were allowed to witness, beyond the altar ritual, the consummation as well. This wedding tonight would be in the grand style of those marriages of other centuries, in which an unwilling, frightened bride sometimes battled her groom for a dozen nights before, bloody and scratched and weary, he finally took her.

Three-quarters of that long distance to the ring, the champion in the leopard-skin robe, Jake LaMotta, halted, and the crowd applauded him . . . while Ray Robinson, challenger, continued on. There is as much ritual in a championship boxing bout as there is in the battling of walruses on an Arctic island. One ritual is the appearance in the ring of the challenger first, and as Ray Robinson slipped between the ropes and faced his handlers with no shadow-boxing, no overhead handshake, no gestures toward the crowd, he got a mild round of applause

that was nothing like the roar that went up when LaMotta entered and turned his thick, rugged body slowly around with one mighty right arm upraised for all the world to gaze at.

It was apparent from the beginning who the crowd wanted to see win; and they wanted it for a complex of reasons, some of them the best reasons, some the worst. There were people here who were cheering for LaMotta because he was the underdog (even in the defense of his own title against a lighter man), and underdogs, which all audiences are, should win even when they are inferior. There were people here who wanted to see as brutal a contest as possible, and so did what they could to persuade LaMotta to put up the fight of his life against a man who had already beaten him four times. There were also people here curiously sensitive to human coloring, who wanted to see any white man beat up any Negro under any circumstances.

On either side of me and behind me was a group of Italian-Americans who knew one another and who had brought their patriotism along with them. As a defense against their partisanship, I pulled out a black cigar, lit it, and laid down

a dense blue smoke screen, as the announcer spoke of things to come ("Next week, in this arena . . ."), the ringside celebrities were alerted ("Please come up quickly when you hear your name") and *The Star-Spangled Banner* was played.

THE CLASSIC contest, whether in mythology, in history, in a bullring, or in a boxing ring, is always the same: a fragile, keen, and handsome man battles an ugly beast larger and stronger than himself and defeats it. The beast is brave, and charges with no regard for its own safety. The man is also brave, but he has to find weapons other than his own blind strength to win. The knight uses a sword to slay the dragon; David uses a sling-shot to vanquish Goliath; the matador befuddles and tires the bull with a cape; the real boxer uses his brain, and blocks out his fight round by round, pacing himself. It was Ray Robinson's plan to tire his bull right down to its toes before he dedicated and sacrificed it. Since this would take seven or ten or twelve rounds of hitting and eluding a powerful, determined animal, the plan was filled with danger. It was this special kind of danger that would give the fight the special interest it had beyond other great fights.

But in the very first round, as Jake LaMotta, no leopard but only a man after he had shed his robe, came crouched and eager across the ring after Robinson, with his left up-pointed at a forty-five-degree angle straight at Robinson's face, something else became apparent: the bull was inspired by the magnitude of the occasion to an effort greater than anyone had counted on, and it is such inspiration — beauty and brains and plans and agility notwithstanding — that sometimes comes through to win.

Ray Robinson, his own man giving his own performance, jabbed that left in hard and got away and jabbed again and got away and missed and missed again but got away. And LaMotta, willing to take punishment in return for the privilege of dealing it out, kept after him, his face exposed to that cutting left hand but his own hands busy at Ray's face and his body. A crowd interested not in plans but only in aggressiveness and courage, cheered LaMotta till their ears rang and their own blood blinded them. Cheered him through the second and third and fourth and fifth and sixth and seventh and eighth and ninth rounds.

They did not see that the man moving in is not always the

man who is winning; that a fighter of Robinson's exceptional skill can hit harder going away than most fighters can hit going forward; that Ray's plan was to bleed his bull, and lead him on and tire him until those iron hands drooped of their own weight and those slow feet stopped coming in. The crowd preferred not to notice that in each succeeding round LaMotta wore one more red badge for his courage: a bright crimson patch, like a birthmark, around his nose; tiny, painful cuts on both cheeks; a swollen left eye.

But in the ninth round Ray indicated in what direction the fight was going by aggressively hooking, jabbing, punishing his man, instead of backing up and countering. The bull still kept coming in, but it was a wearier bull and it was growing soft. It was trying now, not to out-point its tormenter and win rounds, but merely to keep coming in and somehow, by some wild miracle, to throw that lucky punch that would win the fight.

But it was later for LaMotta than anyone knew. What Ray Robinson had merely indicated in the ninth, he now chose to demonstrate in the tenth; and continuing the demonstration in the eleventh, he ran into the

death throes of a champion — that rousing, tragic moment when Jake LaMotta came back from the dead and cornered him and hit him with everything he didn't have. Hit a man all closed up, all elbows and gloves and forearms and moving parts, who bled the bull of its last ounce of aggressive energy and then maneuvered by it and began the final phase.

Through the twelfth and part of the thirteenth rounds, LaMotta's pride in being able to stand on his own two feet in anybody's prize ring remained intact, while the face that went with that pride underwent terrible changes. A crowd that had come for blood was seeing blood; seeing a man beat up; seeing, too, a plan emerge from what had seemed at first merely a round-by-round contest in punching strength and evasiveness between two men. The crowd, standing up and screaming as one hoarse, superhuman animal, was a fickle crowd; for it had forgotten LaMotta and now it was screaming for what it had really come to see: the blood, the pain, the violence, and a new champion, himself hurt and bleeding, emerging in momentary, blood-smeared

glory.

Pity can sometimes squeeze itself even between the ropes of a prize ring, and Robinson in the thirteenth round, with his man wide open, bent double and stumbling backward, at moments stopped his assault and seemed almost reluctant to hit him again. Nobody would notice this in the newspapers the next day, for most sportswriters were watching for other things. But it was those moments of hesitation in the thirteenth round, before the referee stopped the fight and led the new champion back to his corner, that gave Ray Robinson a stripe of greatness.

LATER, AS LaMotta, a semi-conscious mass of beaten flesh and an ex-champion now, huddled on his stool in the corner, Ray stood alone facing the crowd, his gloves removed but his hands still taped, his right hand raised and his fingers greeting the people he knew out there. Across the taped palm was a long stain of blood, his own or LaMotta's. Smiling slightly, his mouth bleeding and his eye bruised, he looked very small and very human and very much alone.

Who Gave Russia the A-Bomb?

Part II

The Case of Clarence Hiskey

JULIEN STEINBERG

CLARENCE HISKEY was a nice boy. He was the kind of high school student who makes an impression on his teachers. His principal still recalls that young Clarence was not particularly fond of athletics. He was a "studious type." He was on the school newspaper. He was a member of the debating society. He was already much interested in physics and chemistry. His marks, as befits an earnest young scholar, were B pluses when not A's.

Recently George Scott, Clarence's old principal, brought forth these memories. A *Milwaukee Journal* reporter was waiting to copy them down. The principal was not the only one, however, who was trying to remember what young Clarence had been like. For Clarence

When an entire town pays an absent local son the sincere tribute of long discussion, he has either made good or gone wrong. Milwaukee was trying to make up its mind.

The House Un-American Activities Committee had suddenly put Clarence on the back fence agenda. Its accusation had come like a bolt from the blue. Clarence Hiskey, the committee said, was guilty of conspiring to give Russia atom bomb secrets during the war!

Was it possible? Hadn't Clarence Hiskey, the talented scientist, made good, as everyone thought? Had he, as the committee said, gone wrong instead?

The *Milwaukee Journal* did itself proud in an attempt to find out what those who had known

him. They visited his father, a widower. Old man Hiskey, a worker in an air-conditioning equipment plant, and a respected man in the community, shook his head in sad disbelief. "I do not believe he is guilty," he said. "Our family always were devout Catholics. . . . It is in a Polish person's blood to hate the Communists. Unless he has changed since he left here, he would never go that way. If he did I would think, 'What the hell, he's lost his mind.' " Clarence's sister, Louise, a nurse, said: "I can't believe what they say is true." The charge, said the newspaper, was being received with "a mixture of disbelief and shock." There was, however, at least one unadmirable comment. It came from the landlady of a rooming house in which Clarence and his wife had lived for a time, who grimly recalled that the couple had welshed on several months' rent and she had canceled their lease.

But, all things considered, it seems likely that Clarence was something less than a poppa's boy. Old Hiskey, for example, was surprised to learn that his son had divorced and remarried. Clarence hadn't bothered to tell him. More forgivable was Clarence's failure to tell his father that he had been working on atomic research. "I'm not sup-

posed to talk about it," he had said, which was the proper comment for a man entrusted with an important secret. "You wouldn't understand it, any way."

The Un-American Activities Committee charged, however, that Clarence had talked about it. He had talked about it, and conspired with, Arthur Alexandrovich Adams, a notorious Soviet espionage agent.

ARTHUR ADAMS, who was making news in Milwaukee, and elsewhere in the nation, has a long political history; a longer one, in fact, than that of the Soviet state itself, which he has served for three decades. Born in either Sweden or Russia, he is practically a charter member of the Russian Communist Party. He was already a revolutionist back in 1905, when he participated in the abortive revolution in Russia of that year. He was imprisoned, and still bears the stigmata of the injuries he received then.

In the Soviet employ, he has been a frequent visitor to the United States. At the start of the '20's he showed up in the guise of a technical engineering adviser to a commission of the Soviet Government. In 1922 he returned to Russia and stayed there for seven years. But then

he was back in the United States again, once more representing the Soviet Government. This time, he said, he was here to conduct business for an infant auto works back home. In 1927 he was back in the Soviet Union, and did not return here until 1932, this time to buy airplanes. Now, he said, he was a member of the Aviation Trust of the Russian Government. Actually, at all times he was a floating Soviet espionage agent.

In 1936 he showed up again, this time with his wife. The couple visited with Mrs. Adams' sister, who lived in New York. In 1937 the restless Arthur Alexandrovich Adams left again, ostensibly for Russia. In 1938 he reentered the United States, via Canada, with the aid of a fraudulent Canadian birth certificate.

Clarence Francis Hiskey, the man who stands accused of being Adams' aide, had rather a different career. He was born Clarence Francis Szczechowski on July 5, 1912, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He was graduated from high school in 1929, and for the next four years attended La Crosse State Teachers College. In 1935, at the University of Wisconsin, he received a B.S., and at the same university, an M.S. in 1936, and a Ph.D. in 1939.

While at the University of Wisconsin, he met Marcia Sand, who was to be his first wife, and who was also to be named in the Arthur Adams case. According to an official Military Intelligence Report of June 5, 1945, Hiskey was active in Communist movements while attending graduate school.

The Report quotes alleged pro-Soviet statements made by Hiskey at that time, such as that the American form of government is "no good," while the Russian Communist form is a "model." It quotes him as advocating that young men should join the ROTC, so as to be able to penetrate the U. S. armed forces on behalf of the Communist Party. It lists him as a reader of the *Daily Worker* and *In Fact*. And so on.

While still at the University of Wisconsin, Hiskey applied for a Reserve Commission from the Army. On June 18, 1938, he was issued one as second lieutenant in the Chemical Warfare

Julien Steinberg used to be on the staffs of the New Leader and Modern Review. Recently he has been doing some energetic research on Soviet espionage in the United States. He edited the anthology, Verdict of Three Decades, which is the first collective history of the Soviet Union from an anti-Communist viewpoint.

Service. His application was granted on the basis of his educational background; also, because he had taken ROTC training.

In the next two years, from 1939 to 1941, he was an instructor in chemistry at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. Until September, 1941, he was employed as an associate chemist with the TVA aluminum nitrate plant at Sheffield, Alabama. He then moved on to Columbia University where he was engaged as an instructor for a year. In the fall of 1942, he was asked to perform research at Columbia University, in a laboratory named SAM.

SAM was a name chosen to be misleading. Its purpose was not to inform, but to veil. The name was no more than the first letters of the words "substitute alloy material." It told nothing. For SAM was working on a process to separate uranium 235. The plant which resulted from this research was later known as the K-25 plant at Oak Ridge. Among other problems, SAM also worked on the development of heavy water. Hiskey was in charge of a team of scientists at SAM.

In 1943 the lab moved to the University of Chicago. Hiskey stayed at the University's Metallurgical Laboratory through

April, 1944. The famed Smyth Report states that this laboratory sought "to obtain the theoretical and experimental data for effecting an explosive chain reaction with either U-235 or with plutonium. The ultimate objective of the laboratory was to prepare plans for the large-scale production of plutonium and for its use in bombs."

Now, on April 28, 1944, a strange thing happened. Scientists were usually deferred during World War II, especially those working in the all-important Manhattan Engineering District. But Clarence Hiskey, capable scientist, was on that day called to active duty in the United States Army. Soon, he was given the job of counting underwear, and other such vital tasks.

The Soviet agent who calls himself Arthur Adams was, in the meantime, back in the United States. His work now made it necessary for him to gain permanent residence in this country. This he achieved with the aid of one Samuel Novick, president of the Electronics Corporation of America, a firm founded in 1942, which did \$6,000,000 worth of business with the U. S. Government during the war. It produced secret items used in radar installations.

Novick, an admitted con-

tributor to many Communist fronts, has made a series of questionable statements about his relationship with Arthur Adams. He has testified that he met Adams in 1938. Adams, Novick said, was merely a customer of his company, Wholesale Radio Service. Novick was then confronted with a letter he wrote to the Immigration and Naturalization Service in 1937 stating that Adams was a skilled radio engineer who had been employed by Novick for ten years in Canada. Novick's reply was that a) he wasn't certain when he first knew Adams, and b) perhaps his statement to the immigration authorities had not been correct.

Actually, Adams could not have worked for Novick in Canada for a decade. During that period Adams was an employee of the Soviet Government, as he has been for three decades, and he was in the Soviet Union much of the time.

DURING THE WAR our government discovered that Arthur Adams was an espionage agent. His assignment was to secure data regarding progress made by the U. S. in connection with nuclear fission, at a time when we were sending great shipments of war materials to our Soviet "ally," and at a time

when only a handful of Americans knew about the work on the Bomb.

Adams did his job well. When his room was searched by U. S. agents in 1944, they found he possessed important secret information concerning the atom bomb plant at Oak Ridge, as well as data on atomic energy progress in other nations. Remarkably, Adams was not arrested.

On October 25, 1944, Adams was seen leaving the house of a New York attorney and entering an automobile registered in the name of Pavel Mikhailov, a vice counsel in the Soviet consulate in New York at that time. Adams was carrying a large case. He was driven directly to the Soviet consulate.

When his status as an espionage agent was found out, Adams was put under surveillance by the security officers of the Manhattan Engineering District. He was also shadowed by special agents of the FBI. In February 1945, knowing that the game was up, he tried to escape. He failed. He was not arrested. Later, under the most remarkable of circumstances, he did escape.

But where does Clarence Hiskey fit in?

In order to find out, the Un-American Activities Committee

called, among other witnesses, John Hitchcock Chapin, a co-worker of Hiskey's at SAM and at the University of Chicago's metallurgical lab.

Chapin first met Hiskey at SAM, but they did not become good friends, he says, until they both went to work in Chicago. Here, they often privately discussed their work.

Chapin was asked if he had ever spoken to Hiskey about Arthur Adams. He had. What had Hiskey told him? "Well, I was told that Arthur Adams was a Russian agent. . . ." Hiskey, he said, told him this in 1944. Also, he "asked me whether I would be willing to meet Arthur Adams at some future time."

The next question was inevitable. Why did Hiskey want Chapin to meet the Russian agent? It was "to discuss whether or not I should hand out any information to Adams on my work."

Chapin then told the rest of his story. It was agreed that he was to meet Adams. Chapin says he gave Hiskey a key, an ordinary door key. It was to serve as a means of identification, if Adams wanted to get in touch with him. It would also allow Chapin to know if he was actually talking to Adams.

Chapin did get to see Adams.

In the fall of 1944, Adams phoned and they met. He gave Chapin the key. They made an appointment to meet again on another night. Finally, they got together in a room in the Stevens Hotel in Chicago.

Here, Arthur Adams invited him to become a Soviet espionage agent. Chapin says that during this interview he decided to refuse, and under questioning he candidly admitted why he changed his mind.

Mr. Stripling: When did you decide not to cooperate, Mr. Chapin?

Mr. Chapin: Well, I think I said it must have been during the interview; because, after all —

Mr. Stripling: You got cold feet, in other words?

Mr. Chapin: I would say so.

We return now to Clarence Hiskey and his mysterious call to active duty in the U. S. Army. Why had he been called?

This is a former high-ranking official in the Manhattan Engineering District, a Colonel, talking:

"He (Hiskey) was very definitely, in our opinion, a strong suspect, and then finally we were convinced that he was a subversive agent."

The question, the Colonel says, was what to do with Hiskey?

"Someone, I think it was Colonel Lansdale, found in Hiskey's record that he had a second lieutenancy in college in the ROTC. Providentially, he had not given up his second lieutenancy, and we called the Adjutant General, and we had him call Hiskey to active duty amidst a great furore that we were doing it deliberately, and so on, and we transferred Hiskey, I think to the Canol project . . . where, in the Quartermaster Corps, he counted underwear until that went out of business."

Hiskey served as property officer at White Horse, Yukon Territory, from May 1944 to August of that year. While at this station, according to James Sterling Murray, a former officer of the Counter Intelligence Corps in charge of security in the Chicago district, a search by a Government agent disclosed that Hiskey had in his possession a personal notebook containing notes on the atom bomb project in Chicago. The notebook was lifted from Hiskey and returned to the Manhattan Engineering District. "To this day," Murray says, "in violation of security regulations, to my best knowledge, Hiskey has not reported the loss of papers which General Groves himself classified as top secret."

The Un-American Activities

Committee states that on the day after Hiskey was called to service he met with Arthur Adams, who arrived in Chicago from New York. On the basis of the evidence it has compiled, the committee believes that "at this meeting Adams told Hiskey that Hiskey would have to develop a contact within the Metallurgical Laboratories to take Hiskey's place; for on the following day Hiskey proceeded to Cleveland. There he went to the hotel of John Hitchcock Chapin . . . who was in Cleveland engaged in a project which, according to Chapin, was even secret within the Manhattan Engineering District itself."

At that meeting, Chapin — according to his own testimony — agreed to meet Arthur Adams, and the "key" arrangement was made.

When Chapin completed the secret project in Cleveland and returned to the lab in Chicago, he wrote a letter to Hiskey, in care of Hiskey's wife. Thereupon, according to the Un-American Activities Committee, Hiskey's wife wrote to Clarence, who was already in the army, telling him that she had received a letter from Chapin which she had forwarded to Arthur Adams. Chapin says that the letter was a prearranged signal by means of which Arthur

Adams would learn that Chapin had completed the project in Cleveland and was returning to Chicago. Later, Chapin met Adams, was invited to become a spy, and refused.

WE NOW INTRODUCE the name of Edward Tiers Manning, a former technician at the atom bomb lab in Chicago. He has furnished another link between Arthur Adams and Clarence Hiskey.

According to Manning, he knew Hiskey at the University of Tennessee, where Hiskey taught. On one occasion, he said, Hiskey, short of money at the moment, had asked him to order a dozen copies of a book by Hewlett Johnson, the Red Dean of Canterbury, from International Publishers, a Communist outfit.

But our main interest in Manning's testimony dates from the time when he got a job at SAM, with the help, he says, of Clarence Hiskey. Manning visited Hiskey in his apartment often; they played chess and talked. But one day in 1944, Hiskey said he expected a visitor and asked Manning not to drop over that evening.

On a subsequent evening, however, without telling Hiskey he was coming over, Manning dropped in. There, in

Hiskey's apartment, he met Arthur Adams. After that, he saw Adams seven times.

Manning was somewhat impressed with Adams. "He seemed to me to have a very interesting background, which consisted of purchasing materials in Switzerland, France, Germany, and other parts of Europe for the Soviet Union. I definitely had the impression that he traveled between these countries and the Soviet Union frequently."

Manning learned, in conversation with Adams, that Adams knew about the work being done at SAM and in Chicago. He inferred that Adams learned about these top secret activities "through the person who introduced me to Arthur Adams," which was Hiskey.

Manning — who was merely a technician — was not asked to furnish information by anyone. But he was told by Hiskey, when Hiskey left for the Army, that Arthur Adams was a very close friend of his and that if anything should come up requiring special attention for Hiskey's wife, or Hiskey, Manning should see Arthur Adams about it in New York.

Later, Manning was suspended from his job and he went to see Adams, who asked him if he didn't believe that the work at the labs should be made avail-

able "to all mankind." Manning said he was committed to secrecy and could not discuss it. "Thereupon, I left Adams, satisfied to know what I knew," — that is, that Adams was a spy.

The spotlight turned on Hiskey again when Paul Crouch, a former Communist Party organizer, told the Un-American Activities Committee on May 6, 1949, that he had known a "Professor Hiskey" in the Party. "I am quite sure," he said, "if I were to see this Professor Hiskey I could tell if it was the same person."

On May 24 a confrontation was arranged. Hiskey's answer should be given verbatim. It has a familiar ring.

Mr. Russell: Mr. Hiskey, I ask you if you have ever seen this individual?

Mr. Hiskey: I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that it will tend to degrade or incriminate me.

Crouch then said that he had met Hiskey in Knoxville, Tennessee, during 1939 and 1940 "at various Communist Party meetings, and at the homes of individual Communists." Hiskey, he said, was known to him as an active member of the Communist Party. Hiskey was then asked to deny or confirm what Crouch had said, and again he

gave the same answer. "I refuse to answer on the grounds that it will tend to incriminate me."

This was Hiskey's answer to question after question put to him by the committee, about Arthur Adams, about Chapin's statement that Hiskey had asked him to meet with Adams and furnish him information, about the key Chapin said was used in the meeting with Adams, about whether he had ever paid dues to the Communist Party, and whether he had attended Communist meetings.

After a prolonged investigation of the case, the Un-American Activities Committee concluded: "The meeting in Cleveland between Hiskey and Chapin, the conversation which transpired, the letter from Chapin to Marcia Sand Hiskey, and the subsequent contact between Chapin and Adams in Chicago, present a clear case of a conspiracy between Hiskey, Chapin and Marcia Sand Hiskey, to divulge secret and classified information relating to the atom-bomb project to a Soviet espionage agent. The Committee recommends immediate prosecution of the conspirators." (It then added that although, in its opinion, Chapin "committed an indictable offense" his participation is mitigated by his cooperative attitude before the com-

mittee. "Chapin," the report said, "impressed the committee as a person of deep sincerity who, in a moment of weakness, had made a vital mistake.")

Arthur Adams, for one, is now safely out of the reaches of the United States Government. In February 1945 he made his first attempt to flee. A former special agent of the FBI, Larry E. Kerley, in sworn testimony before a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, has given this graphic account:

Adams made his way from New York to Chicago and then to Denver, under surveillance by the FBI almost all the way. "Adams continued to Portland, Oregon, where he attempted to board a Russian ship, but was surrounded by FBI agents before he reached the gangplank. Prior to Adams' reaching Portland, we had instructions from Washington that the State Department had ordered that Adams should not be arrested for espionage, but that, due to the highly secret information found in his possession, he should not be permitted to leave the coun-

try. Our office in New York obtained a secret warrant for Adams' arrest, charging him with a violation of some minor Federal crime. We were instructed that the Department of Justice had State Department orders that no arrest whatever was to be made unless it was necessary to prevent Adams from leaving the country. Adams was not arrested . . ." Subsequently, he flew the coop. At the present time, he is believed to be in Russia.

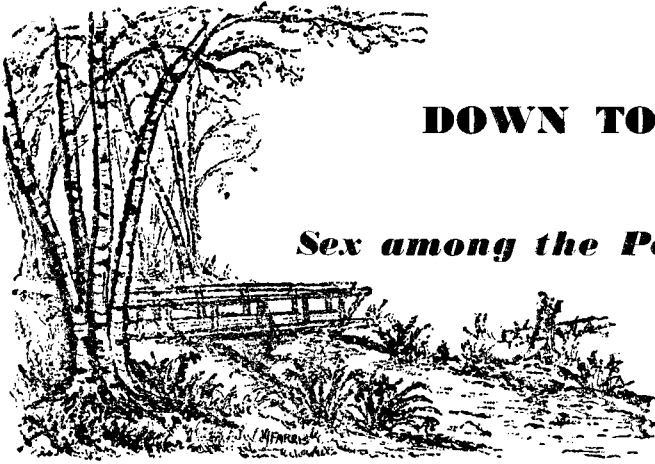
As for Clarence Hiskey, who has refused the opportunities given to defend himself, he is under Grand Jury indictment for contempt of Congress. He has therefore been dismissed from his position as Associate Professor of chemistry at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. If he is innocent, he has himself to blame for his present circumstances; he has done nothing to aid those who gave him a chance to clear himself. If he is guilty, then his present inconvenience is puny punishment for the crime for which he stands accused.

ERRATUM: On page 413 of our April issue the University of Wisconsin was identified erroneously as the school at which Dr. Joseph Weinberg is teaching. He teaches at the University of Minnesota, as stated later in the article.

ALAN DEVOE

DOWN TO EARTH

Sex among the Porcupines



OUR BASIC HUMAN situation today remains exactly what it has always been, ever since that day when the light which never thitherto had been on land or sea first began gleaming in our human skull and enabled a creature, for the first time, to look around it and understand something of its creaturely circumstances. We remain, as in the first place, one of a very large body of different beings — several millions of them — which variously go creeping, flying, slithering, wriggling, or jog-trotting through a life-experience on this bright star. In company with all these other creatures, in our shared journey from birth to death, we are under certain inescapable terms. For example: we eat. We do this by killing other living things and stuffing them into

our mouths. There is no other way we can eat. For another example: we excrete. We do this by bladders and bowels. There is no other way we can do it. For a third example: we breed. We do this by a union of penis with vagina.

Now all this, of course, is elementary. It is obvious that we cannot elude — any more than we can elude the law of gravity — the law whereby, when we die, we rot and stink. It is entirely vain to wish we were not a hairy animal. We are. We issue out of a womb, attended by considerable slippery mess, very much as a baby fox does; and when we have been dead for three days we give off a stench indistinguishable from that of the squashed toad by the roadside. The terms have been perfectly plain from

the beginning.

However, we haven't liked it. It was apparently only a very little while after our acquisition of self-awareness and the gleam of understanding that we began a dismayed deploring and a frantic campaign of concealment that has been going on ever since.

What! We die the way weasels do? We can't have that at all. And so all the embossed coffins and curlicued marble mausoleums, far nicer for living-in than the homes where many of the living must live . . . so all the whisking-away of corpses, and the rouging of their cheeks, and the natty bedecking of them in evening dress, and their interment in "decay-proof" containers. So the whole elaborate rigmarole of *The Loved One*, and never letting ourselves remark that the loved one is now a pile of maggoty detritus.

Bowels? Bladders? The same sort of sweaty lather that a galloping horse works up we too work up? Dear me no. Surely not *us*. And so all the relegating of such matters to a category of what we call "brutish", and then — having successfully shooed them that far — the decision that they are nasty, and next that they are unmentionable, and finally that they don't exist. Animals, perhaps, may

have blood. We may even have some in our own veins. But that puddle of hot gore on our roast-beef platter, that's "rose gravy". See our new mink coat? Where did it come from? Why, out of the everywhere, I guess. Who is to be so shocking, so bizarre-minded, so really nasty, as to reflect or say that this coat is the skins of little brother-animals that we caught by the paws in the toothed jaws of steel traps, and that screamed and screamed their lungs out, and in struggling terror voided their urine and feces?

Not every one of our concealments, disguises, and aversions from foundational fact, of course, is a merely preposterous evasion. Dung is not pleasant to have around the house. A great honor belongs, rightly enough, to Sir John Harrington, the dedicated nobleman who invented the water-closet. If we sweat like horses, it is sensible enough that we do what we can to obscure the unpleasantness. But most of our obfuscative pretendings have about them that quality of a terrified tension, lest truth burst free, which marks neurosis. A great English playwright discovered that the way to shock a theatreful of people into spasms of tittering laughter was to tell them, quite simply and gravely, an evident

truth. Whitman tossed off a line or two, involving the patent fact that there are sweat-glands in an arm-pit; and it was as though he had exploded a revolution. Right now, tonight, uncountable generations after Adam, a whole dinner-party of adult human beings can be reduced to nervous giggles by the flushing of a toilet.

WHAT BRINGS all this up, in the flowering and merry month of May, is two letters from readers about S-e-x. It is in the province of sex, of course, that we have reached our most loony triumphs of the devoted lie, the simper, and the Studied Silence. Not long ago, in the *MERCURY*, William Bradford Huie had occasion to employ the word "orgasm". For weeks the mailmen tottering into the *MERCURY*'s quarters were all but crushed by the burden of outraged letters they bore. Mice, it may be allowed, have orgasms. The thing probably occurs, unavoidably, in the "brute" creation. But we — we are ladies and gentlemen, are we not?

And that, no doubt, is why two such letters have come to me. The same two letters come every year — (I mean, of course, that letters asking the same two questions come) — when it gets

to be spring, and a concern with sex becomes in our secret selves even livelier than usual. Only a history of generation after generation devoted to shush-shush, and the answering of children's questions with any sort of eerie flapdoodle rather than the simple truth, could bring it about that today people are still slipping away to the letterbox and posting these giggly inquiries to naturalists.

Well, here they are. Let us answer them briefly, and, if possible, with a straight face.

First: The Problem of the Porcupines. Is it true, my correspondent asks, what "they say" about porcupines? This is putting it with an agonized delicacy. What my correspondent refers to is the story that porcupines, because of their quilly prickliness, are able to engage in copulation only by resorting to a technique of wonderful intricacy. The female porcupine, the story goes, climbs out on a branch, gets a good grip on it, and then slings herself underneath it upside-down and hangs there with her quill-less belly-side uppermost. Her swain, teetering out along the branch to his appointment, creeps gingerly down on top of her and the animals lie swinging front to front in a precarious aerial union. That's what "they say." Is it

true? No. This imperishable piece of nonsense is just one of those moonstruck fantasies that resolute ignorance fosters. A female porcupine can switch her tail aside and flatten her quills to make possible a copulation by that standard technique of "mounting" which is general among mammalian quadrupeds.

Second question: The Magical Pouch of the 'Possum. If what "they say" about porcupines is only a fantasy, the everlasting story about opossums is near demented. It goes right on, though, age after age. When Aristotle was a small boy, another small boy probably took him behind a pillar and told it to him. Opossums, "they say," don't breed like other mammals. The female opossum receives the male's fertilizing material — a kind of dust or pollen, one would take it — in her nostrils. Then presently she bends down her head, pokes it into the pouch on her abdomen, and with a massive sneezy snort blows the germ of life into that depository.

A naturalist may think, the first time this lunatic yarn comes his way, that it must have started, 'way back in the dim mists of ancient time, just as an out-and-out joke. It must just have been thought up, out of nothing, in somebody's wild

moment of creative fantasticality. But then, after he's heard the story half a dozen times, and been furtively questioned about it by inquirer after inquirer, he gets to thinking the thing over and presently he realizes that the truth is something much sadder. This notion about opossums didn't come into being out of nothing. It came into being because of a curious fact of natural history, and because of people's having to belabor their wits over the curious fact without ever daring to ask a straightforward question about it. It grew out of a bafflement over a matter of mammalian anatomy, and it grew in the atmosphere which makes any questioning about such a thing an impropriety.

I trust we shall not get ourselves banned if I say what the fact is. (After all, the triumph of things-as-they-aren't has been so considerable that a magazine got itself condemned a few years ago for showing some pictures of — what one would hardly have supposed was a dirty novelty — the birth of a baby.) Well, we must take our chances. The tale of the 'possum, in all its pathetic absurdity, arises out of God's endowment of His 'possums with a surprising genital arrangement. A male 'possum's penis is forked.



The Critical Vocabulary

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

IN THE VOCABULARY of American drama criticism the word "clever" has become a term of deprecation. Just what is wrong with cleverness, which the critics seem to confuse with rank triviality and cheap smartal-eckry, eludes anyone with a regard for semantics and bright entertainment. Cleverness, or "mere cleverness" as they like to put it, does not necessarily betoken the light-headedness and superficiality they appear to think it does, else they would have to list Congreve, Sheridan, and other such theatrical notabilities as morons, and such as Giraudoux, Guitry, and Molnar as intolerable bores.

What the critics probably have in mind when they derogate cleverness is not real cleverness but attempted cleverness which does not come off. That

is, the counterfeit cleverness practised, for instance, by some contemporary, popular English playwrights and which resembles true cleverness only as the wise-crack resembles true wit; in other words, crisply delivered vaudeville badinage in white tie and tails.

Chesterton, an authentically clever if strainful old cock — who, incidentally, in *Magic* wrote a play of genuine cleverness — took pleasure in depreciating cleverness by way of trying to persuade his critics that he was not only much more than clever but actually a very profound and important intellect. "The doctrine of human equality responds in this," he would say: "that there is no man really clever who has not found that he is stupid." But he fooled no one. He was an

intellectual card-sharper, and an expert one, but he could not victimize his critics, who were on to his trickery and who, though they relished it, didn't risk their money on it.

The critics, in short, who presently sneer at cleverness are the same who esteem dullness if only it concerns itself soberly with subjects which wit would mock.

THE PHRASE, "extraordinary skill", as it applies to actors, is another pet of the critical vocabulary. If the critics who use it were to go to the pains of analyzing it closely, they would often find that what they remark as such skill is factually only a surprising power of suggestion. In this connection, I quote Shaw in his admirably acute essay on the art of rehearsal, originally written as a private letter to an Irish colleague who had sought advice and information.

"You can," wrote Shaw, "safely write a play in which the audience is assured that the heroine is the most wonderful creature on earth, full of exquisite thoughts and noble in character to the utmost degree, though, when it comes to the point, you find yourself unable to invent a single speech or action that would surprise you

from your aunt. No matter: a star actress at a thousand dollars a week will do all that for you. She will utter your twaddle with such an air, and look such unutterable things between the lines, and dress so beautifully and move so enigmatically and enchantingly, that the imagination of the audience will supply more than Shakespeare could have written."

Skill, true acting skill, which the critics would profess to discern in such a case, is obviously non-existent. The gift of suggestion, which is a quite different thing, is only what is in operation.

Continuing, Shaw observed that the critic, nevertheless set upon sustaining his opinion of great skill, may ask: If the actress in question is so wonderful when she is making bricks without straw, what heights wouldn't she reach if she were to be given straw in abundance?

In that event, Shaw replied in his capacity as a playwright, one would be rudely disillusioned. "One would have to say to the actress: 'Mere suggestion is no use here. I don't ask you to suggest anything; I give you the actual things to do and say. I don't want you to look as if you could say wonderful things if you uttered your thoughts. I give you both the

thoughts and the words, and you must get them across the footlights."

On these conditions, he continued, the actress might be dreadfully at a loss. "She might complain of being given too many words. She would certainly try hard to get in her old suggestive business between the lines, to escape from the play, to substitute a personal performance of her own for the character you wanted to make the audience believe her to be, and thus your trouble with her would be in direct proportion to her charm as a fashionable leading lady."

In other words, many a star actress who has been acclaimed by the critics for her "extraordinary skill" hasn't any more such skill, that is, as a histrionic artiste, than some old-time acclaimed silent screen actress. For any real acting skill she substitutes merely effective looks, a prehensile figure, sexual attraction, an inborn quality of appeal, and maybe an ingenious costumer. It is possible, of course, that a genuinely skillful actress may also possess these qualities; there certainly have been such; but they are and have been exceptional. It is the actress who is naked of the attributes who has to rely on sheer skill alone, or bust.

The word "authority" is also common to the critical vocabulary in the consideration of actors. It is employed to testify to an actor's absolute control over the stage in terms of his considerable histrionic equipment and resources. Yet some of the poorest actors have shared the quality with the best. It may be a matter of mere physical presence, resonant voice, and firm purpose rather than any unusual acting gift. Neither John Mason in his day nor Lowell Sherman in his was, surely, notable as an exceptional acting talent, yet both had every bit as much of this so-called authority as such superior actors as, for example, Lucien Guitry or Forbes-Robertson. They dominated a stage; however, at times they were far from dominating their roles. They — and there are enough others of a similar cut — held the attention of the average audience if not the intelligence of an exceptional one.

SENSITIVITY" is yet another of the critics' select words. We read weekly of this "sensitive" actress or that "sensitive" actor and are asked to believe that the player thus complimented is of such a delicate emotional nature and possesses so great a capacity for the higher and more refined feelings that even

a violin is as a buzz-saw in comparison with the blessed one. What the critics frequently mistake for sensitivity is simply outward appearance: physical fragility, a pale, thin face, and a wistful expression 'round the eyes, all perhaps augmented in the case of the female of the species with costumes of soft material and pastel shade.

The notion that a fat, or at least plump, actor or actress can not conceivably be sensitive, in the meaning the critics wish us to believe, is surely a whimsical one. It is true that a slender player suggests a greater sensitivity, but it surely is untrue that he or particularly she is necessarily gifted with it. Frailty and sensitivity are no more inevitably synonymous than weight and good nature, though most people seem to believe it. A corpulent actor like Albert Bassermann, who so far as my reading of reviews goes has never been described by any critic as sensitive, is actually as "sensitive" as some string bean like Noel Coward, upon whom the adjective has been liberally bestowed, isn't. In the same way, an Edith Evans, who is anything but gossamer in appearance and who looks as if she could cook a good meal, has all the sensitivity that the critics invite us to believe is in a less

buxom and less healthy-looking Elisabeth Bergner.

Sensitivity, in brief, is of the spirit and the spirit's art. It has nothing to do with low blood pressure, a tubercular corpus, and the look of having had nothing to eat for a week.

FINALLY, THE word "versatility." This the critics reserve for eulogy of such actors as are not content to play ably roles best suited to them but who seek to lay added unction to their vanity by presenting themselves in markedly different ones which are beyond their range and wherewithal. The attempted versatility is commended as versatility established and achieved. If an actor who has been good in light comedy surprises the critics by appearing in one of the more serious classics and, while not failing entirely, gives only an indifferent account of himself, the indifferent account will duly be perfumed nonetheless with a handsome tribute to his unexpected versatility, and the reader will get the impression that he is a venturesome and courageous artist who deserves all kinds of credit, whereas what he really deserves is a rebuke for not sticking to the thing he can do well.



Sherwood Anderson:
A Sweet Singer,
'A Smooth Son of a Bitch'

CHANDLER BROSSARD

THE MEMORY OF Sherwood Anderson has just lately been evoked for me by the publication of a critical study of the man and his work, written by Irving Howe.*

When I read *Winesburg, Ohio*, for the first time I experienced a strange, intense pleasure that has been given to me by only two other American books, *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Sun Also Rises*. It was a pleasure that was quite literally sensual: my body suddenly unfroze, I experienced a sensation similar to goose pimples, I got an excited, hurried feeling as I read (the way you do when you are going out on a date), I spoke out loud a couple of times from sheer un-

controllable admiration and delight, and I could not put the book down until I had finished every last page of it.

This may sound a little hot and heavy, but that's actually the way it happened. The language in *Winesburg* (and the other two books mentioned) so exquisitely, so perfectly expressed the feeling and meaning of the material, the form and the content were so remarkably mated, that not for one moment did I disbelieve anything that went on. Nothing seemed hoked up. Beyond this, Anderson was using the American language in its purest form, its spoken form; the writing was not, as it was in almost everything else I had read by Americans, literary and superimposed, hit or miss, on

* Published by Sloane Associates in their American Men of Letters Series.

the material at hand. This was my language — it could not have been written, or spoken, by an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, or anybody else on the outside.

What Anderson was doing, of course, was solidifying the break away from the English and European influence in American writing, and at the same time helping to widen the split in literature between the spoken language and the written language, and returning to the original source of literature, the oral story teller. It had been done here to some extent before his time, Mark Twain being the first great proponent of these moves in American literature, with his masterpiece *Huckleberry Finn*, spoken in Mississippi River dialects, by a twelve-year-old boy. Then came Gertrude Stein, with *Three Lives* and *The Making of an American*, then Anderson, and finally Hemingway, who was actually an on-the-spot pupil and protégé of both Anderson and Stein.

Anderson, Twain, Stein, and Hemingway all wrote this spoken language, whether or not the particular work was written in the third person or in the first. If it was in the third, the presence of a narrator was always heavily felt throughout; there was not the feeling of a piece of

fiction that had anonymously written itself. The idea was that the written language, or the literary language, was exhausted, just about dead, and there had to be a return to the continually moving, continually developing vigor of the spoken English.

While it may look and read easy, this spoken style is a most exacting and dangerous thing to fool around with. Where it is used, say, in Anderson's famous story, "I Want to Know Why," narrated by an ignorant young country boy, it must never for an instant fall out of character, never in any word say or think anything that would not be characteristic of the boy with all of his traits and limitations. Besides this primary requisite, the technique must be used with a careful eye toward all possible ironies and subtle tensions: there must be a counterpointing of the simple style with the complexity of the situation, there must be implied something going on in the story that seems beyond the narrator, and his occasional incomprehension, which is caught immediately by the aware reader, adds to the reader's possibility of participating more rewardingly in the story.

Today the technique of the first person is used most fre-

quently because it is simply easier for a writer to write as though he were talking, instead of displacing himself into the third person. This of course merely results in a hybrid combination of journalism and fiction. Or if the narrator in the third person is used in the way I have mentioned above, it is done so with no respect for the subtle demands and possibilities therein.

TO RETURN to Sherwood Anderson, it was this careful respect for his material and his technique, his utter profound commitment to his craft, that made him, in his best work, a beautiful and illuminating writer to read. It was the disintegration of his control and his careful respect, in his worst work, that made him, in the eyes of his admirers, a frustrating, irritating, disappointing writer. At this point he became a derelict parody of himself.

Of all the important American writers of the last thirty years or so, Anderson probably had the most harrowing and obstacle-laden career of them all. His midwestern childhood was financially and emotionally as insecure as you can possibly imagine (his father was a wind bag and a drunk, often jobless, his mother strangely Puritanical

and remote); far into his twenties his literacy was widely open to question (throughout his entire life it was always touch and go with his spelling and grammar) and his life ambitions were almost schizophrenically divergent. While he imagined himself, and actually was, an aggressive, sharp-witted, sly businessman, he also saw himself as a drifter, a bum, an emotional child in need of female domination, a poet with no poems, a seeker after the light of happiness, a constant brooder in the darkness.

It was only logical that these antipodal pulls would finally have their effect on Anderson. At the age of thirty-six or so, when he was at the peak of his business career (being the manager of a sizable paint factory) and at the same time just beginning his writing, he suddenly had a breakdown. He forgot his identity and wandered aimlessly through the open country and through various cities for four days, until he was finally identified by someone in a drugstore in a distant city. His vanity forced him, in later years, to claim that the breakdown was a hoax, self-induced so that he could gain new experiences not otherwise available to him, and that he knew all along what he was doing. This of course is the

sheerest nonsense, and one wishes that Anderson had never tried to palm it off on the literary world, had had just a bit more courage than that.

It was after this that Anderson saw he must become a writer and nothing else, so he grimly set about it, at an age when most other people barely have enough adventure and self-assurance to change their brand of toothpaste, much less their whole way of life. He quit his business and worked hard at his new profession from that day on — in his spare time at night or full time in the day — until he died, some twenty odd years later, on a trip to South America.

His character and career were a composite of nearly all the things we associate with serious American writers: he could not make a living on his writing alone, so he had to hustle as a publicity man and advertising writer, which he loathed; he both hated and loved the things of his miserable childhood, including all the members of his family; he had an ineradicable mother, or Oedipus complex, which drove him from woman to woman (four wives), always marrying a mother type who would manage him but toward whom he never really felt physically attracted; he had a morbid

fear of intellect and intellectuals, thinking that the one would corrupt his pure instinctiveness by too much examination of life, and that the other would try to con him into something or other, or just shake his faith in himself with their questions and traditional sneers. (This last fear is rather amusing when you consider the fact that he regarded himself as a sort of con man . . . "the truth is I was a smooth son of a bitch.") He finally lost control of himself and his talent and, either out of vanity or sheer lack of self-understanding, went on writing long after he should have stopped. ("I had a world and it slipped away from me. . . . Nothing I do has any meaning.")

BUT WHILE he had all these things (shortcomings if you like) common to American writers, he had a couple of things they seldom have — he had passion, a longing for old style heroic emotions — sentiment (he wasn't afraid of being corny), generosity, love. ("In the end the real writer becomes a lover.") And he had vision, a point of view, a personal morality in his writing. It is this final thing that separates a real writer from one who is just making a kind of living at

it. Almost none of the writers who at the moment are considered major, or just important, have this personal vision, this point of view that finally gives them distinction and meaning beyond their surface. I don't know what in God's name they are personally up to. But perhaps this is an age, unique I should say in history, when a point of view is not an attribute. It is a result (part of it anyway) of the high degree of mechanism and professionalism in our country: such a thing as a personal vision would seem to hinder one's slick professionalism, which should enable one to play well on several different ball teams in the same season without confusing oneself.

Another aspect of Anderson's life that seems to be a basic component of the American writer is the desperate need he had for friendship and guidance. These things were not only not taken for granted, as they are in a more traditional culture, but there was such a deep anxiety about them that his pursuit of them becomes almost maudlin and suspect. He seemed to lean on his friends Van Wyck Brooks, Paul Rosenfeld, and Waldo Frank almost as you would lean on your nurse or psychoanalyst.

Do try to form the habit of writing me some of your

thoughts occasionally, *he wrote to Brooks*. It is lonely out here. . . . When I talked to Waldo . . . I felt in him a sense of background I have never had. I wondered if he knew the (my?) utter lack of background. It means so very much that you know and of course he must know also.

What friendship you give strengthens. It is a thing that cuts across the darkness and mist.

Well if you see things in me give me your friendship as Waldo has done. Let me see your mind at work as often as you can.

And to Frank he wrote:

I care not a damn what you are thinking. . . . What I do care is how are you brother? How blows the wind, how falls the morning light on the bed where you sleep?

And to Rosenfeld, when Rosenfeld was offering to pay his way to Europe:

O Paul, I can't tell you what this chance and the opportunity it offers for companionship with you means to me.

This friendship-guidance anxiety appears to run through too many other American writers for it to be mere coincidence or a superficial characteristic. Hemingway continually let everybody know that the only thing that really counted in this

life was friendship; one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's memorable statements was that another person, Edmund Wilson, "is my intellectual conscience;" and Thomas Wolfe's clinging studential friendship with his editor, Maxwell Perkins, is by this time legendary. It is a serious aspect of the American writer's adolescence and it is the very thing that makes it almost impossible for him to conceive, in his writing, and very frequently in his private life, anything approaching a detached, complex view of human relations; there is always something slightly distorted or childish or dreamy about his concepts.

As always in such neurotic relations, a bitterness and betrayal and rejection pattern set in after one person or the other has served his time and/or function. Anderson was forgotten and derided in his later years by the country that had so dearly loved him and called him its sweetest singer; his close friends and guides did not really guide him as they might have, almost pampered him it seems, then passively pitied him when he was through; he was bitched and savagely parodied by two

of the people he had most vigorously helped get published and read, William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. It's the old primitive story of the prince having to kill his father the king in order to ascend the throne and live peacefully. Apparently they can't just let the old bastard live out his years and die naturally. Not in these parts at any rate.

I SEE THAT I've said nothing about Mr. Howe's work on Anderson. It's really quite a competent, convincing job, admiring, well documented. It is loaded with some very sharp insights into Anderson as well as American writers and writing, but unfortunately the best of these insights are the quoted writings of other critics.

The only statement in Mr. Howe's book that I must take sharp exception to is the major reason he gives for Anderson's becoming a writer — "because the abuse of language inevitable to advertising often arouses in sensitive copywriters (such as he was) a desire to use it honestly and creatively."

That's the silliest damn statement I've heard in years.

The Revolt of Mamie Stover

PART IV

OF A NEW NOVEL

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

Mamie Stover, a six-foot-tall, yellow-headed girl from the Mississippi Delta, won a beauty contest in 1937 and went to Hollywood as a "starlet." She failed, was finally beaten up by a drunken actor, and on a night in May, 1939, I met her aboard a freighter on the way to Hawaii. She had decided that her only remaining chance to make "big money" was to enter Bertha Parchman's brothel in Honolulu. I offered to pay her way back to the Mainland, but she went with Bertha, and a year later she had accumulated \$20,000. I again urged her to leave, but she thought she could get rich in the approaching war if she could also find a way to invest in property. Under the regulations for prostitutes in Hawaii in 1940, Mamie could not own property — nor could she own an automobile, maintain a residence outside the brothel, marry a serviceman, swim at Waikiki, etc. With the aid of a lawyer, however, she formed a corporation and began investing in property. The war was her opportunity: war always brings opportunity to whores. Under Military Gov-

ernment she was able to defy, one by one, all the old regulations she had despised. She began swimming at Waikiki with colonels; she bought a Cadillac; lieutenant-commanders opened the best restaurants to her. Steadily, she became richer and more powerful; and, as a supreme gesture of revolt, she married an Air Force major and purchased a \$40,000 home in Pacific Heights.

MAMIE STOVER's revolt against Hawaiian society was almost complete by the spring of 1943. She was the islands' most notorious and successful prostitute, but she had become important in the social and business life of the community. She now owned and traded in property; she drove a Cadillac; she had a lawyer and a corporation; and she was escorted to the beach

and to the best restaurants by officers of the United States Army, Navy, and Air Force.

Even so, for her to purchase and establish a home in the most attractive residential area in Honolulu — this was an amazingly defiant act. She had been a segregated, propertyless prostitute; now she was moving, not into the outskirts of decent society, but into the citadel. Where had she found the courage for such defiance? By what process had she decided that she was now "good enough" to live among the most respected families in the islands?

Two developments in the spring of 1943 had convinced Mamie that she was good enough to live on any hilltop in Hawaii. The first and most important of these developments was that a second agency of the Government of the United States extended formal recognition to the whores and began doing business with them. The agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau visited Iwilei and offered the whores yet another opportunity to demonstrate that they were worthy and patriotic citizens.

ONE MORNING Bertha Parchman looked up from her desk and found herself confronted by Mr. Samuel Doss, a bureaucrat,

a 4-F, who had an invitation to deliver.

"Okay, Bertha," he said. "You and these girls have been getting away with murder. You're running a gold mine. You're making money so fast you measure it in bushel baskets. But the honeymoon's over. You gotta start paying up. You gotta start dividing with your Uncle Sam."

Bertha asked Mr. Doss to sit down and make himself comfortable, then she started pouring oil. She reminded him that heretofore Iwilei's sin had been beneath Federal recognition. She implied that certain undisclosed levies already were stripping her and the girls of any profits they made. She told how her industry was sacrificing in order to give the Special GI Rate. She pointed to the flag, to Roosevelt's picture, to her Army-Navy "E", and she explained how the GI Rate had cut her part of the split to almost nothing and had forced the girls to work harder to make the same amount of money. But none of Bertha's arguments interested Mr. Doss.

"Don't give me any more of that stuff, Bertha," he said. "I want settlements. I'll start with you and this girl Mamie. The two of you be in my office tomorrow morning at nine!"

Mamie wasn't quite herself on the Bull Ring that night; she seemed preoccupied. Her corporation wasn't involved: Al Rush was keeping it clear with the Federals. What was involved was her personal whoring income since May, 1939.

Next morning Mamie, with Rush, and Bertha with her lawyer, all four went tramping into Doss's office. The argument lasted for a week. Doss confronted Mamie with the amounts of money she had poured into her corporation and insisted that these amounts must have been net earnings. Rush denied this and claimed that Mamie had brought most of the money to the islands as capital. Some concessions were made, but in the end Bertha and Mamie had to pay. To be forgiven by their Uncle Sam for all past sins; to be accepted as taxpayers in good standing with fresh, new pages in Uncle Sam's book, Bertha had to pay \$60,000 and Mamie \$15,000.

They paid it. They insisted that they had never seen that sort of money, but they paid. Then Doss moved among the rest of the madams and whores. He clipped Jackie for \$10,000, Maybelle for \$8000, and on down into the lesser brackets.

The night after the Big Pay-Off to the Government Bertha

Parchman's was like the Stork Club on March 15th. Each whore was moaning about how deeply she had been cut by Uncle Sammie, but down in her whore-heart there was a new glow of satisfaction. Nothing gives a whore more satisfaction than to recount how much income tax she has been forced to pay.

THE BIG Pay-Off was a big news story. It pushed the war off Page One in the Honolulu papers. UNCLE SAM'S REVENUE RAID IWILEI! Big Time Harlots Forced To Cough Up. "They must pay like everybody else," says agent. And there on page one, in a flattering, two-column cut, was the first picture of Mamie Stover to appear in an Hawaiian newspaper. It was a good picture — Mamie was photogenic — a full-faced smiling picture of a young woman who looked like a movie star. Her scar didn't show: she had paid the paper's photographer ten dollars and asked him to retouch the print. She was quoted good-naturedly to the effect that if you gotta pay you gotta pay. It was smart handling by Mamie; no Hollywood press agent could have done better.

Thousands of people who had heard of Flaming Mamie but who had never seen her looked

at the picture and remarked: "Is *she* a prostitute?" Others looked at it and resented that a whore could owe so much tax. A few felt the same satisfaction that they'd feel on seeing a cop strike a whore. When Stanley Gordon saw it, he swore bitterly at Roosevelt. Annalee Johnston told me that when she saw it she felt wounded but couldn't explain why.

When Mamie Stover saw the picture, her self-esteem increased about 100 per cent. She felt better than she had felt since the night she was crowned Miss Cotton. She's wasn't a goddam whore; she was a good American citizen working at a tax-worthy business under the flag of the United States.

Mamie remembered something I had said to her on the hilltop one afternoon. "We are different sorts of Americans, Mamie. I pay tax on my income and you don't. I support America and you don't. Maybe that makes it right for me to live on a hilltop and you to live near the waterfront." But now Mamie paid tax, too, far more tax than I would ever pay. Mamie supported America more than I did. Maybe that made us both the same sort of Americans. Maybe that gave Mamie the right to live on the same hilltop I lived on.

The more I thought about this tax settlement the more it intrigued me. In return for their payments Doss had given the whores a clean bill of health. In effect, it seemed to me — and it certainly seemed so to the whores — he had placed the Great Seal of the United States on their activities.

I was so much interested that when I got back to Hawaii for a few days in December, 1943, I stopped in Doss's office. When I had my feet on his desk I said to him: "Mr. Doss, what do you think of the moral position of a government which demands and accepts income tax payments from whores?"

"I don't set the moral policies of the United States Government," he answered. "I work for the Internal Revenue Bureau. We've got just one policy. If anybody in the United States is making a dollar, it's our job to see that Uncle Sam gets his cut."

"You're not concerned with how the dollar is made?"

"Not at all. That's the concern of other agencies. Our job is to get the money. What's wrong with that?"

"I don't see how you can demand and accept money from a taxpayer without, in effect, placing the government's approval on the process by which

the income was acquired. I don't see how you can demand money from a little yellow-headed whore without making the government a party to every illicit intercourse — without making a pimp out of Uncle Sam."

"You're not being realistic, commander," Doss said — I had on my Navy uniform. "That point was settled when we got Al Capone. We got Capone when nobody else could get him. Congress — everybody approved that, didn't they?"

"No, not everybody," I said. "A great many Americans are still ashamed of that Capone deal. I don't believe Al Capone ever owed the United States Government a penny. He got his money by extortion, by threatening helpless people, making them afraid to go to sleep at night. Is that the sort of money you want for our government? I don't believe Al Capone ever deserved the privilege of paying taxes to the United States of America. He deserved only to be shot and to have his loot confiscated."

"That isn't realistic," Doss repeated. "What do you want me to do? Let the whores make \$50,000 a year and pay nothing while the little guy who makes two thousand pays through his nose? Does that make sense?"

I sucked on my pipe a moment. "I believe that for the whores not to pay makes more sense than for the whores to pay," I said. "For I believe that the American government has to stand for something. The American government is different from all other governments on earth. Its people expect it to be great and noble. That's why some of us are willing to die for it. If the American government ever becomes just an ordinary government, Americans will no longer be willing to fight for its preservation. And a government that demands support from whorehouses, I can't see how such a government can appear great and noble to its people."

M^{R.} DOSS stirred in his chair. "That's too fancy for me," he said. "Maybe that sounds all right in your books. But I'm just a tax collector trying to do my job."

"But you're not just a tax collector. You're low-rating yourself. You're an agent of the Government of the United States. You're a custodian of something precious. It's your responsibility to help prevent the Government of the United States from ever looking cheap and dirty. And I think when you hold our government's hand out

to a bunch of filthy little whores, you are making the government look cheap and dirty."

"I think you are being unfair," he said. "The situation is much simpler than you make it. When whores make money they owe tax like anybody else. It's that simple to me."

"I don't see how you can call it simple," I said. "How will you compute their tax? How much will you allow them for depreciation, or advertising, or payoffs to cops, or pimping expense? How much can they charge off for business supplies? They'll have to fill out a rather complicated form, won't they?"

Mr. Doss shook his head. "You better write your Congressman, commander," he said.

"Let me add one more point and I'll go," I said. "I didn't come here to persecute you; I came here only because as a citizen I'm interested in how the American government is supported. You collected \$15,000 tax from a girl named Mamie Stover. Paying that tax gave Mamie Stover new face, new assurance. What do you think will happen to her? Well, whatever happens to her, part of the responsibility will be yours and the government's."

I don't know whether I made myself clear to Doss or not. Probably not. His theories of

tax collection are the national policy. I discussed it with Stanley Gordon and Stanley cursed and showed me a picture of Roosevelt with his arm draped around Boss Hague. "With the morals of the goddam Roosevelts what do you expect?" he said. "Sure, they'll make a whore out of the goddam government." Compton Blair was more restrained. He said I was laboring the point: that the government couldn't be expected to inquire into the morals of every taxpayer.

I don't know. All I know is that when that tax was collected Mamie Stover's self-esteem went up, mine went down. I have said that between 1939 and 1948 I lost some of my pride in being an American. This is where part of the loss was sustained. Mamie Stover won here; I lost.

The other development which added to Mamie's assurance was that she served as a War Bond Captain. After the whores had settled with Uncle Sam's revenueurs, another war bond drive came along and an Army colonel who wanted to make a good showing appointed Mamie as the "captain" in Iwilei. Her name was listed daily in the papers along with the names and accomplishments of the other captains.

And note this. Prior to the income tax publicity and settlement, the madams and whores had been somewhat careful not to flash their money. They stayed away from banks, they didn't make sensational investments which might attract attention to their wealth. Any show of wealth would only invite a heavier levy from some direction. But now the national government was controlling them, and they all had papers to prove that they had discharged in full their obligations to the government. So there was no longer any necessity for modesty about money. Indeed, the whores were in the market for good, safe investments.

Also: Mamie by this time had begun to unload some of her real estate. Not her apartment houses, but some of her small dwellings and business houses. The Japs had all made their final payments. Mamie and Al Rush had figured that the market for houses had about reached the wartime peak. So Mamie had bundles of cash on hand. And it was at this precise moment that she had been named War Bond Captain.

Well, Bertha Parchman got patriotic, broke loose and bought \$100,000 worth of bonds; Mamie took \$100,000; Jackie took \$20,000; Maybelle took

\$20,000; and so it went. Every whore in Iwilei took at least \$1000. Competition broke out among the whores; they began trying to outdo one another in helping Uncle Sam win the war.

The result was that Mamie got her picture on Page One again. She had sold more war bonds than any other captain, and the colonel had conveyed to her the thanks of a grateful government.

Those were the developments which had made Mamie Stover psychologically capable of moving into Pacific Heights. She was ready to make that move when she met Major Joseph Robert Albright, USAAF.

WHAT SORT of Air Force officer was Joe Albright that he could marry an enlisted men's whore? What sort of twenty-six-year-old American could stand up with Mamie Stover before a chaplain and promise to love her and cherish her as his wedded wife until death? And each night could take her into his arms and sleep with her after she had returned from a day's operations on the Bull Ring? It isn't easy to comprehend such an American; but he existed in some numbers during the Second World War. Our army supplied many whores' husbands.

I never met Joe Albright. He

was killed four months after his wedding, so he was ashes when I got back to Hawaii. I had to piece him together from a picture Mamie showed me, from what she told me about him, and from a letter she had.

The French have a legend about how whores get married. The legend says that the typical Parisian whore leaves the brothel on the morning of her thirty-fifth birthday. She travels south, settles in a village, marries a successful fifty-year-old farmer, and devotes the rest of her life to making her husband happy and comfortable. The man who gets such a woman is fortunate, according to the legend, because she makes a faithful, loving, capable, and hard-working wife.

In America we have no such legend. We are not as kind to our whores as the French are to theirs: we don't provide good legendary mates for them. We know from the columnists about our fancier whores and whom they marry. Some of them marry the degenerate playboys; others marry naval officers from Texas; others marry fifty-year-old comedians; and others — even as late as fifty — are not married at all but are living sadly by bedding with the paunchy impresarios of junk yards. But, as I say, we know

this only about our fancier whores. When we think of our enlisted men's whore — our popular-priced model with the Special GI Rate — we have no idea who marries her. When we try to imagine a mate for her we turn to three or four of the lower types of men whom we have met in fiction.

The first type of American who will marry a common man's whore, we decide, is the overgrown weakling, the big, bumbling fellow like Charles Laughton who drifts to the South Seas, becomes a rum-hound and a beachcomber, and who stands up unshaven with his whore and utters marriage vows with alcoholized breath.

Well, Joe Albright was big. Six feet two: they called him "Tarzan" when he played tackle for a little West Coast junior college. He didn't look like Laughton; he looked more like a less famous actor named Stirling Hayden, except he had black hair. There was a tendency to puffiness about his lips, and his jowls didn't look firm, so down deep he may have been yellow. But there was nothing yellow on his record. Sixty missions in B-17 and B-25 bombers in the old, tough days in the Philippines, Java, and New Guinea. Some of those raids were at low-level — right down

on the ground burning up Jap planes and warehouses. He had the Air Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and a Presidential Citation. Not the record of a coward.

Joe drank whiskey, large quantities of it at times, but he was no rummy. He was cold sober when he and Mamie decided to get married, and he was sober, shaven, and wore new suits on his wedding day. He was sober when he carried Mamie over the threshold of their new \$40,000 home on the Heights. So Major Joe Albright didn't fit Type One of Americans-Who-Will-Marry-Whores.

The second American type who can believably marry a whore is the mamma's boy, the guy who gets scared and hides his face in the breast of any woman who happens to be near. We filled our psychiatric stockades with these during the Second War.

Well, Joe Albright had a mother. His father, a Methodist preacher, died when Joe was a year old, and his mother reared him. She was one of those fierce, ambitious mothers who took care of Joe by working herself up from charwoman to assistant manager of a small hospital. It was she who sent Joe to the junior college; she wanted Joe to be a great man. She wrote

him a letter every day while he was in the war, and it was one of these letters which Mamie showed to me.

A third type whom Americans will accept as having married a whore is the tough, disillusioned fellow, the sneering cynic, the fellow who, because he thinks he got a raw deal from one woman, loathes all women, brands all women as whores, and expresses his hatred for them by marrying a whore and mistreating her.

Well, we are getting close to Joe Albright. In 1940 when he left the junior college, joined the Air Force, and began drawing that big money, Joe had married over his head. He had married a little girl who loved to call him Tarzan, who loved his big muscles, and who had had more money than Joe had ever had. This girl had fun around the training camps; she followed Joe everywhere; she loved a good time. Joe had been in the South Pacific only four months when she torpedoed him with the news that she had found another Tarzan. Joe grunted like old Primo Carnera hit in the belly. He lay on his mildewed cot in New Guinea, thought of his wife lying naked and throbbing in another Tarzan's embrace — and Joe groaned and cussed. On a leave

in Brisbane he drank a quart of whiskey, then socked a whore and broke her jaw.

HE WAS brutal with Mamie Stover when he first met her. He sneered at her, and when he had moved next to her he said: "So you're a goddam whore, too, are you?"

"Yeah," Mamie replied, looking him in the eye. "That's the way I make the money I want. If you don't like it, you can go to hell."

Joe had no reply. He took a long look at Mamie, and it was six weeks after they were married before he called her a whore again. He began calling her "Golden Girl," and there were occasions when he evidenced a melancholy sort of tenderness for her. He was married to her for six weeks without striking her. So while Joe was the tough, disillusioned mamma's boy, with Mamie Stover he wasn't the unadulterated brute who mistreats his whore-wife in an effort to get even with women.

The fourth type of whore's husband — and the type most readily acceptable to the American mind — is the depraved ruffian who marries a whore only for her money. He doesn't want her to stop whoring; he goads her to work harder and bring home more money. He

insolently exploits her yearning for a husband-wife relationship to rob her and live off her flesh.

Joe Albright had some of this Type IV blood in his veins. He married Mamie knowing that she expected to continue her operations until the end of the war. He didn't insist that she quit the Bull Ring. After sixteen months in the South Pacific — and after a youth of wearing patched pants and going to a two-bit junior college — Joe didn't object to having his own big house on the hill-top, to having servants to feed him and launder his clothes and make up his bed, to having plenty of good black-market whiskey and thick, juicy steaks for his friends. He didn't object to being chauffeured out to the field in a black Cadillac on his day to fly. He could shrug off the contemptuous glances thrown at him by a few officers. He didn't object to his wife's earning \$5,000 a month as a whore and another \$15,000 as a madam and a speculator. Joe liked money.

Yet when all the evidence is considered Joe doesn't appear to have been an unalloyed louse. He wasn't a pure Type IV.

In March of '43 Joe had been transferred back to Hawaii to rest, and he was flying lazy B-24 patrols out of Hickam

Field. After he met Mamie he gave her a ride over to the Big Island — the island of Hawaii — on one of her visits to her branch whorehouse. He saw her picture in the paper when she paid the income tax. A few days later he invited her to go on a vacation with him — a three-day camping trip to a remote beach on the Big Island — and Mamie surprised herself by agreeing to go. It was the only vacation lasting more than twenty-four hours that she took during the war. She and Joe appropriated some of Uncle Sam's best camping equipment, borrowed a jeep at Hilo, and lost themselves. It was during these three days that they decided to get married.

"We didn't do anything," Mamie told me, "but just lie out there on those rubber mattresses on the beach, and swim, and make a little love, and talk, and eat, and sleep. Joe did all the cooking — he was a pretty good cook. It was so quiet out there; we didn't see another soul for three days.

"'Golden Girl,' he'd say to me, 'I like you. I like you because you're the most honest goddam woman in the world. You don't try to fool nobody. You got your cards on the table, and you can stand up on those long legs and look a guy in the

eye and tell him to go screw himself. I like you because you know what you want in this goddam world, and nobody's gonna keep you from getting it. I like the way you look, and I like the way you feel to me.'

"We just lay there and I told him all about myself and about what I wanted. I told him how much I wanted a house of my own, a decent place to live and entertain my friends, and I told him how I expected during the war to make all the money I'd ever need. I told him about my folks back in Mississippi and how I was buying a house for them and giving my old man a butler and some mint juleps. And I talked a lot about the sort of life I wanted after the war — a good life, the sort of life you lead, Jimmie, where you live nice and listen to music and read books and have good servants who like to make things comfortable for you. I told him that if I kept up my work and all my dealings I could do all this. And I told him, yes, I'd like to have a husband if I could get a man who'd be good to me and wouldn't hit me and could respect me in spite of everything.

"When we finally got around to talking about getting married, I said to him: 'Joe, if we got married I couldn't stop

work now. It'd be foolish for me to stop picking up \$400 a day when it's so easy, and it'd be foolish for me to sell my interest in three big sporting houses just when they are gold mines. But when the war is over I'll stop and sell out. Do you think that we could get married now and I could go on working, and you could respect me and help me build a home, and then when the war is over we could have a good life and you could forget how I got the money to make it all possible?"

"He said: 'I think we might manage that, Golden Girl. Of course, you can talk about when the war is over; you can imagine that the war will be over some day — I can't. To me it seems like the war will last forever. When I try to talk about *when the war is over* something inside me laughs and says, "Hell, man, don't be a fool; don't you know that the war ain't ever gonna be over?" But if the war ever ends I think I could forget your business, Golden Girl. There'll be so goddam many things for all of us to forget — if the war ever ends.' "

THAT'S how Mamie and Joe decided to get married. Joe decided to marry Mamie for her money — for her Cadillac, her steaks, her good whiskey, her

servants, her house; but why did Mamie decide to marry Joe? Did she marry him in a calculated move to get the protection of his name and his person? As Mrs. Major Joe Albright, Mamie could more easily move to the hilltop: her husband could protect her from Pistol Adkins. As Mrs. Major Joe Albright, Mamie Stover, the big taxpayer, the big corporationist, the big bond seller, would be even more powerful. She could fly the Stars-and-Stripes over her hilltop home just as she flew it over her places of business.

"Yes, I considered that," Mamie admitted to me. "I'm no fool; I have to look after myself. But I wanted to love him; I wanted to have a decent husband just like any other woman on this island. I wanted to dramatize my marriage; I wanted to work at it; I wanted Joe and me to love one another; and I wanted our marriage to last. I played square with him as long as he lived."

When she returned from the camping trip Mamie told Al Rush to buy her the best house in Pacific Heights he could find. He could go as high as \$50,000, for she wanted it as a home, not as a money gamble. Rush tried for a week to talk her out of it.

"You can't get away with it,

Mamie," Rush said. "Buy a small house in some other section. Move into one of your apartments. Do anything else, but don't try to push yourself into Pacific Heights. There's a limit to what those people will stand."

"I know what I want, Al," she said. "Get it for me."

Rush bought the house from a retired Englishman who, with the inflation, could no longer afford to live in Hawaii on his annuities. Rush pretended he was buying the house for an Air Force officer, but he bought it in the name of Mamie's corporation, New Deal Enterprises, Inc. The house was a rambling, U-shaped, white stucco with the U opening toward the sea. Before the war it cost about \$18,000 to build; Rush paid \$40,000 cash for it. It was located about seven blocks from my house, on a somewhat lower level, but it was in the midst of some of the most respectable Anglo homes in the islands.

At five P.M. on May 1, 1943, Mamie and Joe stood in the living-room of their new home and were married by a justice of the peace. Mamie wore a light blue silk suit with a long jacket made for her in New York and flown to her by courtesy of the Air Force. She carried red roses

and her golden hair coiled down onto her shoulders. On her finger was her wedding gift from her husband, a star sapphire flown out of India by the Air Transport Command and bought by Joe during a poker game for \$400. The whore named Kitty stood up with Mamie, and a navigator — a captain — stood up with Joe. Surrounding them were a party of about thirty men and twenty women, all come for the combination wedding party and house-warming.

The party that night will not soon be forgotten by the neighbors. The cream of the traveling-man society was in attendance. Among the invited guests the women were representatives of the Army Nurse Corps, the Women's Army Corps, the American Red Cross, the Office of War Information, and the civilian employes of the Navy. Save for Kitty, Mamie had invited not one of her Iwilei associates: the bride and the maid of honor were the only two professional whores at the party. The men were chiefly officers from the Air Force — no enlisted personnel were allowed — but there were also Army officers, Navy officers, even two Marine officers. Al Rush was the only civilian male present and he didn't stay long. The party quietly gained mo-

mentum until the first big fist fight broke out around seven P.M. Then it picked up from there. The consumption of champagne and whiskey was at the rate of about one case per hour, and there was a comparable rate for roast pig, roast beef, and roast turkey. The consumption rate of all items increased noticeably when a contingent of war correspondents, male and female, arrived to "cover" the event. The uninited guests began arriving about the time the big crap game started. MP's were summoned repeatedly to the scene, but with the arrival of each new jeepload of MP's the party seemed only to gain in intensity. By one A.M. there had been no less than thirty full-throated renditions of the theme song of the Nurse Corps: "Roll me over in the clover — roll me over, lay me down, and do it again." And ironically, of the women present, the only two who had not been screwed at least once, either in the house, on the grounds, or in an automobile, were the bride and the maid of honor.

The party ended appropriately about three A.M. with three drunken WACs lying in the front yard singing for the fortieth time their own theme song: "Violate Me in Violet

Time." And this they were still singing when the last back-firing jeep bore them off down the hill.

About four A.M. Mamie Stover went to bed. She had a new light-blue nightgown for the occasion, but her husband was dead drunk and couldn't enjoy it. Nevertheless, Mamie made quite a ritual of going to bed. She took a luxurious bubble bath, powdered, perfumed, and preened herself, stood before her full-length mirror, then stretched out luxuriously in bed. Major Joe Albright was sleeping heavily beside her. Mamie relaxed, looked over the newspaper, then switched off her bed light and went to sleep. It was an important night for Mamie Stover. She had a husband and a home on the hilltop; and, for the first time in Hawaii, she was sleeping in a bed other than that goddam one she worked in.

THE NEWS that Mamie Stover had moved into Pacific Heights flashed across the hilltop. It shocked the old Anglo hilltoppers even more than had the attack on Pearl Harbor. There were dashings back and forth across lawns; there were excited telephonings to lawyers and to the police; there were tight-lipped, angry conferences

at almost every hearthside; and there was apoplexy in the houses nearest to Mamie's.

"The last straw! . . . how much are decent people supposed to bear? . . . first it was Waikiki . . . then they fouled every decent place to eat and drink . . . they overran the beaches and the streets . . . they bought their big automobiles . . . now they've put a whorehouse in Pacific Heights! . . . our children will have to pass it on their way to school . . . we'll have to pass it on our way to church . . . all night long we'll have to listen to their shouted obscenities . . . we can't allow it . . . not even for the duration . . . not even to save the world from fascism . . . we must force our police to drive her out . . . burn down her house . . . we must force our government to protect our society . . . we'll send delegations to the military governor . . . we'll petition Roosevelt!"

There were conferences in the austere offices of Baldwin & Blair and the other corporation counselors. Hushed, realistic conferences. "Why can't Pistol Adkins waylay the bitch on her way to work? . . . why can't he find some way to put the fear of God in her . . . why can't he 'persuade' her to

sell out and go back to the Mainland? . . . or, at least, back to Iwilei?"

But all the conferences got nowhere. For Major Joseph Robert Albright was an American hero. He was an officer-and-gentleman in an army-of-liberation. Besides his numerous decorations the major was said to be one of the three men ever to be clapped on the back by General MacArthur *in person*. Moreover, the major wasn't the only officer-and-gentleman in Mamie's house: he had brought along two other officers to live with him. So the house had military protection at all times, and Mamie had some sort of military escort everywhere she went.

So there was nothing that the "city" — the home folks, the provincials, could do about the Hilltop Whorehouse. For the yellow-headed whore couldn't be driven from the Heights as long as the traveling men had control. All that the home folks could do was watch and wait and keep the fires of resentment burning. And soon there were other hilltop whorehouses, for within six months after Mamie's move no less than twenty whores established homes outside of Iwilei; and Pacific Heights, like Waikiki, began to "run down" as the less de-

sirable people of the earth followed the whores.

Is any house where a whore lives a whorehouse? There is a technicality here which interested no one in Hawaii but Mamie Stover. For everyone else the reasoning went thus: Mamie Stover is a whore; she has a house in Pacific Heights; so her house in Pacific Heights is a whorehouse. But Mamie insisted that her home was not a whorehouse, and she tried to keep it from qualifying as one.

Throughout the war Mamie allowed only one known whore to visit her home; that was Kitty, and she tried to keep Kitty from mixing business with home life. She tried to keep the all-night poker games among the officers-and-gentlemen from getting too noisy. She tried to keep the officers-and-gentlemen from getting too drunk, and she pleaded with them not to go charging into the yard at four A.M. trumpeting their four-lettered war cries until they reverberated through the ancient hills. When they took off in their jeeps at daybreak Mamie implored them not to make the jeeps backfire; and if they had to rip fenders off the cars of decent, sleeping people, wouldn't they please rip gently?

Mamie's hilltop house be-

came entertainment headquarters for a considerable portion of the Air Force command. And while Iwilei whores were not invited, there was never any shortage of women. There was a procession of traveling women — Wacs, nurses, USOs, Red Cross "workers," OWI experts — loud, drunken women who thought it exciting to visit a rich, real, honest-to-god whore. And Mamie welcomed them, for a while. She wanted friends. She wanted many ladies and gentlemen to visit her and her husband. She tried to be a good hostess. Besides providing unlimited quantities of food and drink, she told her share of stories, sang her share of songs. She wanted her guests to enjoy themselves, but she wanted them to remember they were in Pacific Heights. She wanted them to act like they were in a hilltop home, not in an Iwilei whorehouse.

But Mamie's guests disappointed her. "I couldn't believe they'd act like they did," she told me. "The men were bad enough, but those women were worse. They were messier and louder and dirtier. They tore up everything. They strewed powder and lipstick and ashes and whiskey and food and Kotex from my front door to my back. They'd lie in a bed-

room with some guy without even closing the door. They'd get out in the yard and holler 'Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again' until everybody in Pacific Heights must know that song. Then they'd sing the theme song of the Wacs — that 'Violate Me' — until I pleaded with them to stop. I finally had to start insulting them to drive them off, then they'd insult me right back."

As Mamie became more and more irritated with her guests, her troubles with her husband began. She had to speak to him about his poker losses, and she had to ask him to forbid the house to some of his friends. She had to demand, too, that he show more respect for her in the presence of guests. Joe called her some bitter names and they had at least two fights, but death came before he actually walked out or was thrown out. He was making a routine landing at Hickam one afternoon in October '43 when, for some reason, his landing gear crumpled as the airplane hit the runway. The airplane bumped hard, skidded crazily, caught fire, and exploded. Two gunners got out, but Major Albright and the rest of the crew were incinerated.

After this incident the Hilltop Whorehouse was quiet for a

few days, but Mamie had to keep officers living there for protection, so gradually the big poker games and the loud women returned.

As a matter of fact when I was at home and receiving "traveling friends" during the war, there was some of the same deportment at my house as at Mamie's. I had guests who sang "Roll Me Over" and "Violate Me." I had guests who left at three A. M. in back-firing jeeps; who played poker and got drunk and shouted into the night. I had "traveling women" guests who entertained guys on my couches without being too careful about the doors and who strewed powder and lipstick and ashes and whiskey to the dismay of my servants. The only difference between Mamie's guests and mine was that mine were a trifle more restrained; my guests didn't yell in four-letter words, they were not quite as noisy. But my guests, like Mamie's, acted like most men and women act who are traveling to war.

Of all my Mainland friends who stopped at my house during the war — my friends and friends of my friends — I don't recall more than two or three among them who didn't want to get drunk and fornicate. It's the old Tom Martin curse on

Hawaii — the inescapable reality that men traveling to tropical Paradises are going to drink liquor and have women.

In our war noise, however, I had another advantage over Mamie. When the neighbors heard my noise they were more charitable. They remembered that I wasn't at home much; that my house was quiet most of the time; and they conceded that I probably was doing my best to restrain my guests. They shook their heads, said: "It's the war," swallowed sleeping pills, turned over, and went back to sleep. But when they heard Mamie's noise they muttered angrily, and kept muttering even after they went back to sleep.

A FEW DAYS after Joe Albright's death Mamie suffered another disillusionment. She had tried to be kind to Joe's mother. She wrote to her before the wedding, and after the wedding Mamie sent her a check for a thousand dollars. She wrote to her once a week and told her how happy she and Joe were in their new home. Mamie received several not unfriendly letters from the mother. Mamie believed that Joe's mother liked her.

But when a letter from his mother arrived for Joe after his

death, Mamie made the mistake of reading it. Here is what she found Mother Albright telling her son:

"Joe, I want you to watch your P's and Q's with this woman you've married. You know how you've already been stung once; this time I want you to be more careful. If there is any stinging done this time, I want you to do it. Now from what I gather from your letters and hers, this woman has money. You say her father left it to her and she manages it all herself. Well, you are her husband now and whatever she has is yours. I think you should begin getting the property in your name. What about the house you are living in? Is it in your name? The check she sent me is drawn on a corporation. How is the stock in that corporation held? Most of it should soon be in your name. I'm telling you these things because I know women so much better than you do; I want to protect you; and when this war is over I want you to be well fixed. Don't forget that after this war there will be a greater depression than ever. Hard times are sure to come; and everybody but the smart people are going to suffer. If you'll just play your cards right, you can get everything this woman's got in your name. And you're

her husband; it should be that way. Then you can call the shots. And if she runs off and leaves you like the first one did, well, you'll be in the power seat. So don't put it off any longer. You start right now getting what she has in your name.

As Mamie read me that letter tears rolled down her cheeks. "That's the stinkiest thing that ever happened to me," she said. "I thought she liked me. You know Joe didn't tell her what business I was in; no man would tell his folks such a thing. Then what right did she have to try to set him against me? Is this the way mothers are?"

"Sure, Mamie," I said. "Some mothers are the cruelest old bitches in the world."

Mother Albright will be paying for that letter the rest of her life. Joe had allowed his GI insurance to lapse, but Mamie made him reinstate it, and he had done so with her as the beneficiary. Then when Joe was killed Mamie had intended to give Mother Albright the \$10,000 insurance and the \$150-a-month dependent's pension.

But the letter changed Mamie's mind. She decided to keep the insurance and pension and let Mother Albright go to hell.

IT WAS IN December '43 that I saw Mamie for the last time during the war. I was home for less than two weeks; I had neither the time nor the inclination to see her. My friends and neighbors hated her; to them she represented all the filth and ugliness and indecency and commonness which the war had brought to our island. My servants were deeply ashamed that she had ever ridden in our car and set foot in our house and eaten our food; they were pitifully sincere as they warned me "not to let that trash come about you." But there were one or two bits of unfinished business between Mamie and me, such as her mail arrangement. When she telephoned from her house only seven blocks away, I knew that there could be no more sending my car to Kailua for her; I couldn't go to her house; I couldn't have her driving her Cadillac to mine. So I told her I'd pick her up at midnight at a shadowed spot just below her house. She was waiting — in tailored black slacks and bare-headed: she looked extremely well. We rode back to my house and parked in the driveway and sat in the car and smoked and talked for nearly two hours.

It was then that she told me all about her home and her mar-

riage to Joe Albright; about the income tax payments and the big bond sales; about Joe's death and about the letter she had read from his mother.

"You remember, Jimmie," she said, "I always told you that I'd have a home out here where I could live decent like everybody else. I told you I'd have me a decent bed to sleep in. Well, now I've got it. I've got two servants. Maybe they ain't as good as yours. They're Japs, but they seem to like me. I've got a car and a chauffeur, and in the afternoon I can ride down to work in style. I've got just about everything any other woman has, Jimmie. I even draw a pension from the government now. I've got plenty of money and good property — if this war lasts another three years I'm gonna have that million bucks."

She told me that she was now getting her mail — even her Mississippi mail — at her own home. Until she had acquired the home she had continued to receive her Mississippi mail at my house, addressed to my wife, and my servant had performed the onerous task of placing it in a new envelope and mailing it to Mamie at Parchman's.

"Last spring, Jimmie," Mamie said, "I decided I could quit burdening you with my mail. I

wrote the folks in Mississippi that you had died and left me some money. I told them that I had waited to tell them for almost a year because I didn't want them to worry. But now I was marrying again and moving to a new address. So now all my mail comes to my home addressed to me as Mrs. Joseph R. Albright. I hated to tell them that you were dead, Jimmie; it seemed sort of sad; but I knew you'd understand."

I chuckled softly there in the darkness. "Well, you won't be needing me any more, will you, Mamie?" I said. "I helped you save your money; I helped you get your corporation; I lent you a name to use with your folks. But now you don't need anything that I have. You have much more than I. You have a bigger car, a bigger house, property, money, everything. I'll be gone a long time this trip. When I get back I guess you'll have a lien on the island."

"I'll always need you, Jimmie," she said. "I'll need you as a friend. I'm your friend. I told you once that I know how to be a good friend. When you get back you'll find that whatever I have is yours."

When I let her out of the car near her home, she leaned back into the car and said: "Jimmie, you remember when I left you

on the boat you wished me luck. You said you hoped I made a million dollars. You're not sorry I'm making it, are you? You don't hate me like your neighbors do, do you?"

"No, Mamie," I said, "I don't hate you. I hate a lot of things now. I hate a process that you are a part of. But I don't hate a girl named Mamie Stover. I know her too well."

That, as I say, was the last time I saw her until after the war. She continued to prosper. She operated the Bull Ring until late in '44. Then, as the war in Europe appeared to be ending and as the war in the Pacific moved on westward, she began to retrench. The whorehouses were gradually closed down. About Christmas in '44 she ceased all professional whoring. And her first action after she quit whoring was to undergo a series of plastic operations to remove her old scar. A famous plastic surgeon was in Hawaii rebuilding war-torn faces for the Army. Mamie paid him

\$5000 for an amazing, almost-perfect removal.

So when peace came to the Pacific Mamie Stover was living the life of a rich, retired rentier in the hilltop home which she had steadily improved. She was the widow of a fallen hero — a pensioner of the Government of the United States. At twenty-seven she was a healthy, vigorous, six-foot-tall woman. Her face, with the scar removed, still looked hard but it was not unattractive. She kept Kitty and always one or two Air Force officers as "roomers" or attendants; and there were a number of officers who courted her and tried to marry her. She owned dwelling houses, business houses, apartment houses, a taxicab company, war bonds. Her total wealth was easily in excess of \$500,000.

To anyone who asked if she had any regrets she replied: "I had to get mine the hard way. I'm sorry I had to get it that way. But, by God, I'm not sorry I got it."

This is the fourth and last of the excerpts from The Revolt of Mamie Stover. The complete book, which details Mamie's postwar as well as her war experiences, will be published in September. A special edition will be reserved for MERCURY readers. In the June issue THE MERCURY will begin a series of excerpts from the brilliant new book by Alexandra Orme, whose first book, Comes the Comrade, was a Book-of-the-Month Selection for June, 1950.

Draughts of Old Bourbon



A Distaff Judgment on Sonsofbitches

One of America's most successful woman authors, whose bestsellers are as regular as crocuses, insists that the country's ablest judges of sonsofbitches are women. As proof she submits some of her own observations, but she speaks from behind the veil of a pseudonym: Mary Devlin.

"I guess I had better not use my real name," she writes, "because I'm a Presbyterian, and my sons object to their mother's cussing in public. Then, too, I wouldn't want to shock my *Ladies' Home Journal*" readers.

Miss Mary Devlin on sonsofbitches:

I don't believe sonsofbitches are growing more prevalent; I believe they have just changed their gods. Whereas in the past their "home has been in Heaven," their home is now in either London or Moscow, but never in the U.S.A.

When I was a child I learned about "religious hypocrites." I was driven off every Sunday, and sometimes during the miserable week, to a very evangelistic church where hell-fire, damnation, and the delights of Heaven were described by a minister who had all of five years of grammar-school education. I

was taught the Bible and the precepts of my religion by a very anemic Sunday School teacher who could barely write her name, and who, between describing hell and blowing her chronically stuffed nose, cast languishing glances at the Sunday School Superintendent, who owned a butcher shop.

In those harmless days there was much innocent talk of "religious hypocrites." There was, for instance, the very grave and very decorous deacon who helped in the passing of collection plates on Sunday, and who led all the prayers in an extremely sonorous voice, and who, during the week, collected much cash from the three brothels he owned and gleefully foreclosed mortgages against desperate white-collar workers. He owned property and had bank accounts, and when he died our minister reduced the congregation to tears with his eulogy. It was taken for granted that this pious brothel-owner would end up in Heaven, a much more innocuous place than Washington. There were many more in the church just like him. However, may they be forgiven. They never spoke of "democracy," or the "welfare state" or the "Common Man." They did very little harm.

Nevertheless, when I was

twelve years old I revolted against these religious hypocrites, not realizing that when I was an adult I was to encounter their kind in a much more formidable aspect, and a much more dangerous one.

Now the sonsofbitches have taken on both stature and power; they have moved into politics. The religious hypocrites are out of style and out of mind. They have changed their god from one in a far-off Heaven to one in a much nearer Washington. The religious hypocrites might have believed in the Constitution and the Declaration, but these new rascals, with their new Zion, believe only in Socialistic London or Moscow. They arm themselves, not with the Bible, but with Marx and Bevin and Roosevelt and all the other scoundrels who have made of earth their footstool, of Common Men their priests, and venal politicians their pimps.

Three years ago I had the misfortune to meet a man who owned several radical newspapers. He was a New Yorker, naturally, and a Democrat. He invited me to his home to meet his simpering wife, who rolled her eyes and pulled down her mouth in the old pious manner of my Sunday School days. My memories should have put me on guard, but somehow they

failed me. After dinner these new "religious hypocrites" regaled me with passionate tales of their adoration for Roosevelt and for their new religion of statism and Socialism and the "welfare of the workingman." I looked at their expensive home and their many servants, at his big belly and her Paris frock, and replied: "Well, I've worked since I was fifteen; I've come up the very hard way. I don't relish having my income snatched from me for the benefit of irresponsibles and morons who don't want to work."

He opened his mouth to reply, but his wife was quicker. With wide open and sanctimonious eyes she exclaimed: "Why, my dear! Nobody but fools pay income tax! Haven't you heard about securities with tax-exempt income? L — and I *never* pay income tax!" Then she stopped and put her hand over her mouth.

My host was so enraged with his wife and with me that he jumped to his feet, shook his finger under my nose, and shouted: "So you're a Republican! Well, we'll soon put a stop to your attacks! We'll make it impossible for you to write any more! Why, you're nothing but a fascist!" He stopped then, glared at me cunningly, and

added: "Or maybe we can call you a Communist!" His papers, needless to say, attack or sneer at everything I write.

These pious, socialistic sonsofbitches are now the real scoundrels in our society. And here's another illustration:

A short time ago I met a very rampant old beldame who is a fire-breathing Democrat and New Dealer, Fair Dealer, and Crooked Dealer. Laced with diamonds, velvets, minks and emeralds, she held forth at her luncheon table on the glorious virtues of Roosevelt and Labor. "We should all be so happy to pay income tax, no matter if it ruins us," said she. "Just think what our money is doing for the Working Man."

I interposed this remark: "It must be wonderful to have your income, Mrs. D —. Think of all you can give to charity, and all the income tax you must pay."

She glowered at me. "I don't give to charity, my dear woman," she said. "Charity encourages irresponsibility. And nobody in his right mind buys anything but tax-exempt securities."

These sanctimonious, socialistic, tax-exempt-security sonsofbitches are, in my view, the supreme sonsofbitches of our time.

In Our Readers' Opinion

Although at my discreet age, I might not be dangerously injured by reading such profanely obscene material as is contained in "The Revolt of Mamie Stover," this sordid story, I earnestly hope, may never be encountered by my numerous teen-aged grandchildren. The fact that the story possesses considerable literary charm renders it especially dangerous to immature minds.

WILLIAM R. WALTON
HYATTSVILLE, MD.

People, grandmothers or not, who think every magazine should be fit to be shown to a twelve-year-old must have twelve-year-old mentalities. I am a grandmother; still I am not of twelve-year-old intelligence. I think that "... in their place, they (orgasms) are not unimportant." I agree. Nevertheless, I would object to their taking place in public. Which they do, really, in your pages.

MARIE V. WOLFENBERGER
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

I do not care for any more issues to be exposed on my library table of eighteen current magazines read monthly in this, our student house for graduate men who are attending Northwestern University. Why?

You are vitiating human souls — remember!

We mothers have found it increasingly difficult to "hold the torch" of idealism and Christly living without any unseemly literature to vitiate our influence.

OLIVE E. MATTHEWS
EVANSTON, ILL.

The column "Draughts of Old Bourbon" is one of the most delightful things I have read in many a day. It has the earthy touch of genius.

PERCY W. NEWTON
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

